

# THE MONTH

## CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1938

	PAGE
COMMENTS.....	By the Editor 481
DR. G. G. COULTON AND CARDINAL GASQUET .....	By Herbert Thurston 493
A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CHRISTMAS .....	By M. O'Rourke 504
VAGARIES OF BIRD LIFE .....	By James W. Lane 513
THE NATIVITY PLAY IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND .....	By R. A. E. Colsell 519
THE IMMORTALITY OF ROME .....	By John Murray 527
A NEW INTERNATIONAL ORDER? .....	By Joseph Keating 537
OUR LADY'S LULLABY (Verse).....	By R. A. Carter 547
MISCELLANEA .....	548
I. Critical and Historical Notes.	
Roman Vignettes.	
St. Ninian. A Neglected Saint.	
II. Our Contemporaries.	
REVIEWS.....	560
1. (1) The Dissident Eastern Churches. By Donald Attwater. (2) The Eastern Branches of the Catholic Church. Six Studies on the Oriental Rites. Introduction by Donald Attwater. 2. (1) Science of Logic. Vols. I. and II. By P. Coffey. (2) Ontology. By P. Coffey. (3) Epistemology. Vols. I. and II. By P. Coffey. 3. Literature, the Leading Educator. By Father F. P. Donnelly, S.J. 4. Catholicisme—les aspects sociaux du dogme. By Henri de Lubac, S.J.	
SHORT NOTICES .....	568
BOOKS RECEIVED .....	576

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## THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP COMMENDS THE W.V.

Archbishop's House,  
Westminster, London, S.W.1.  
October 13th, 1938.

To the General Editors.

Dear Reverend Fathers,

Your having sent me the recently published volume which marks the completion of the translation of the New Testament from the original Greek, a work you have associated with the Archdiocese, gives me a fitting occasion to congratulate you on an achievement so well calculated to further the desire of the Church for the growth amongst the faithful of devotional study of the Holy Scriptures. Although the familiar Douay Version of the Vulgate is held in veneration amongst us on account of its close connexion with the glorious history of the English Church it has never embodied the aim, expressed in your Preface "first to render the exact meaning of what the sacred authors wrote under the inspiration of God; secondly, to print that version in a form more worthy of the supreme dignity of the original, and thirdly, to edit it with all the apparatus needed to make it easily intelligible."

Scripture scholars both here and in the United States have collaborated in the production of this Version, which, though a private enterprise, was begun with the approval of the Holy See and of the English Hierarchy, and which now on its completion I cordially commend to the English-speaking faithful as an excellent means of increasing their knowledge of the Scriptures and thereby deepening their spiritual life.

Believe me, dear Reverend Fathers,

With every blessing,

Yours devotedly in Christ,

(Signed) ✠ A. CARDINAL HINSLEY.

Archbishop of Westminster.

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# THE MONTH

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## EDITORIAL COMMENTS

### A Horror-struck World

THE establishment of world-peace calls for the suppression of every form of national egotism and a general conviction, very difficult to attain, that the moral law of justice and charity binds the community as well as the individual. Independently of conventions like the League of Nations, there is a natural family of nations based on the moral unity of mankind. Accordingly, Germany has nothing to complain of if her neighbours, both in the Old and the New World, are profoundly shocked and express their sense of horror and disgust at the renewed outburst of inhuman violence to which her Jewish subjects have been subjected, because a Jew of another nationality shot a German diplomat in Paris on November 7th. No one, of course, seeks to defend what seems to have been a mad act of revenge, but to punish because of it half a million Jews in the Reich by bodily violence, destruction of property and a drastic confiscation of goods, was a monstrous abuse of power rightly deserving the reprobation of mankind. The brutal pogrom seems to have broken out "unofficially," but it was obviously the direct and natural result of the corrupt race-hatred into which the hapless youth of Germany are now bred. Official Germany has since proceeded to confiscate the finances of its victims and to drive them still further beyond the pale of the law.

### A Crime against Mankind

NO nation, however strong, self-sufficient and self-satisfied, which does such things, can expect to escape or pretend to ignore the condemnation of humanity. The anti-Christian Moslem in days gone by, the author of "Bulgarian atrocities" and "Armenian massacres," bears now the permanent stigma of "the unspeakable Turk." Human nature, fallen though it is, has enough sense of justice and compassion left to protest instinctively at the spectacle of gross and unfair cruelty, even though it be exercised merely towards

the irrational creation. It is right and proper and natural that big nations and small societies should now be issuing despatches and passing resolutions condemning the injustice and brutality of the pogrom. It is consoling that the capacity for moral indignation should be so much in evidence, in a world commonly so insensitive to breaches of God's law. It is far better to blame our neighbour than not even to know that he is blameworthy.

### Conditions of Just Judgment

**A**T the same time the proper exercise of the office of censor demands certain qualifications in the judge. His moral indignation should not engender a sense of moral superiority. He must not thank God that he is not as other men. He must see whether he himself is without sin before he begins to cast stones, against even the most undoubted transgressors. Least of all, should he himself be accountable for offences like those he condemns. Unless his own blameless record thus gives him a certain right to judge, those whom he rebukes may rightly resent his interference and will hardly profit by it. At the moment a great deal of the moral indignation against Germany which fills the press of Europe and America loses much of its weight, because it is not really sincere: it is either purely political, meant to hinder any *rapprochement* with the Reich, or it comes from those whose history is stained by similar, unrepented, crimes, or from those who have ignored worse outrages against humanity committed by their friends. Our Catholic papers have been quick to note that the public conscience of America, now so vehement and vocal, was singularly silent during the brutal persecution of Catholic Mexicans in our generation, that in this country the whole Labour Party, when it came to power, clasped hands with the Godless Soviets, the most bloody-minded persecutors of Christianity that this earth has ever seen, and that the sufferings of Catholics under Red Communism in Spain—far more wanton, brutal and prolonged than Judaism has had to endure—have been ignored or palliated by multitudes in this Christian land. Catholics themselves have never been so discriminating in their protests against wicked intolerance. Even to-day their known sympathy with the persecuted Jews in Germany has exposed them to similar ill-treatment at the hands of the Nazis. The moral indignation, therefore, which does not spring from zeal for God's interests, or which is



merely made the occasion of national conceit, or which is not primarily directed against one's own offences, past or present, may easily do more harm than good.

### Pot and Kettle Tactics

MUCH more harm, if the mutual recriminations at present raging between Germany and her indignant critics—always a barrier to peaceful relations—are allowed to impair the prospects of those peaceful discussions which began so successfully at Munich, and on the outcome of which depends the establishment of peace in our time. There is little to choose in point of imprudence between the “free” press of the democracies, which gives scope to every irresponsible anonymity to relieve his feelings by vituperation, and the “controlled” press of the dictatorships wherein the mud-slinging is officially inspired and directed; and the practical effect of both is identical—a further alienation of heart, a deeper sense of injury and a desire for revenge: but *never* an acknowledgment of guilt or a suggestion of reform. Great injury to the hopes of a future agreement has already been done, and it would now be well that, as *The Times* suggests (November 17th), “deeds should replace words.” The only practical way of helping the victims of oppression is to provide rest and security for them elsewhere, and since Britain, France and America have three-fourths of the habitable globe in their possession, it is on these democratic Powers that the task chiefly devolves. It is to new sparsely-populated lands that the exiled and pauperized Jews should be diverted. Countries which, from the point of view of employment are already overburdened, cannot fairly be asked to admit more workers. Palestine itself cannot serve as a refuge, especially as there is at last a chance of the iniquitous Balfour Declaration being formally rescinded or radically modified, and justice done to the Arab inhabitants whose rights have been for so long grievously infringed. This is surely not the time to reverse that process and continue that injustice.

### Incompatible ideologies

A PART from the immediate question of the Nazi pogrom, which so blatantly illustrates the fruits of Nazi philosophy, the German political system itself has been the subject of bitter Press-criticism in the “democracies” with the view of showing that no lasting agreement is possible

between the totalitarian and the democratic State. Once more such criticism is now out of place and worse than useless. Both Germany and Italy have the right to adopt whatever constitution suits them: we may wonder at their choice and even dispute whether it was a real choice; in any case it is for Germans and Italians to change it if they find it does not work. As a matter of fact, both countries have already tried democracy and have found it wanting, whereas their present regimes have made them powerful and in a measure prosperous: they have rid themselves at least of the cosmopolitan money-power which so impairs the independence of the democracies. Accordingly, whilst it is reasonable, under conditions expressed above, to protest against the oppression, especially on religious grounds, of innocent minorities, for human liberty is the concern of all mankind, it is unreasonable and futile to lecture other nations, because they are not in our sense democratic. It may well be that in Salazar's Portugal, an authoritarian State, there is more real democracy than in England<sup>1</sup> or France. Elsewhere in this issue we have argued that, although the gulf between the postulates of Absolutism and those of Democracy is too deep and unbridgeable for any lasting social solidarity to be established between them, the fact that at Munich, four nations of totally divergent political ideals actually did agree that war was the supreme calamity for mankind, and that henceforward they would combine their efforts to avoid it, shows that, for a time at least, enlightened self-interest is a basis strong enough to support a constructive effort for peace. As for those constitutional experiments which we consider incompatible with human dignity and freedom, making, as they do, the citizen essentially a subject, and a means to merely temporal ends, we can only wait till the course of events shows that they have always carried within them the seeds of their own destruction, like everything that is based on a denial of truth and justice.

### Fascism and the Church

**L**IBERALS and Communists combined have managed to spread amongst the democracies an intense hatred of Fascism, and the mob, which tends always to substitute slogans and shibboleths for thought, is blinded by this bogey

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Belloc has long ago pointed out that, apart from the influence of the Money Power, the English Government is an aristocratic plutocracy, in which the "people" have only an indirect and very remote share. See *The Catholic Herald*, November 11th, quoting from the *Journal de Genève*.

to the real solvent of morality embodied in the liberal anti-clericalism and Communist atheism that aim at leading it. Because the See of Rome is situated in a Fascist State the assertion that there is a natural affinity between Catholic teaching and the Fascist Cæsarism which it has always condemned, is as easy to utter as it is dishonest, but, since it creates prejudice and hostility against the Church, it appears everywhere in the secular press. There can be no doubt that the hostility, rife in America and Britain, to the Spanish champion of Christendom, General Franco, is largely due to his having to call in aid against Red Spain, those determined foes of Communism, Italy and Germany, and yet the Christian constitution which he has framed for his liberated fatherland is an admirable model of what a liberty-loving State should enact, providing, as it does, in the first place, for the human dignity and livelihood of the worker and insisting vigorously on the responsibilities of citizenship and the fiduciary character of wealth. Official France, which has been the mainstay of the Spanish Soviets all during the war, remains the implacable foe of their conqueror, and that blind hostility continues to be reflected in the views of a small group of left-wing intellectuals who do not mind how much they "console the enemy" provided they can express their political and moral prejudices. A Fascist journalist, wishing, indeed, to score a point against the Church, calls attention to the attitude of *L'Aube*, a Parisian Catholic weekly, which, like *Temps Présent*, favours the Red cause in Spain, and writes, "What surprises us is the immunity which the group of Catholics represented by *L'Aube* enjoy. We have read encyclicals, we have read pastorals: we have not discovered any which would put these pseudo-Catholics to shame."<sup>1</sup> Not forgetting that one of the most advanced of the papers which coquetted with Communism, that called *Sept*, was suppressed by ecclesiastical authority for its views, we, too, admit that we are surprised at the liberty permitted to these French writers and thinkers to attach the word Catholic to the expression of their false and risky opinions.

### The Pacifist Again

THIS abuse, alas! is fairly prevalent and not only in France. The fanatic or crank, not liking to feel himself isolated in his singular convictions, feels a natural temp-

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by *The Catholic Herald*, November 11th, p. 3.

tation to try to get the Church behind him and to speak in her name, not with his own but with her authority. Recently a Catholic Pacifist told an audience, I think, in Manchester, that in the next war all good Catholics would be bound to be conscientious objectors—thus assuming quite gratuitously that this country would be an unjust aggressor, or perhaps sheltering himself behind the *ipse dixit* of a fellow-pacifist—"Even in the extreme case of self-defence war between two States or groups is under modern conditions unjust, i.e., unjustifiable, because it must cause more, incalculably more, evil than good" (E. I. Watkin in "Men and Tendencies"). Note that these lay-moralists go far beyond professional theologians who write for the instruction of the clergy, far beyond what the *Ecclesia docens*, through her magisterium, has laid down for the guidance of her children. Nor do they scruple, as far as their influence goes, to expose their fellow-Catholics to the very possible danger of being considered traitors to their country. Moreover, a number of like-minded Catholics calling themselves *The People and Freedom* group, having affiliations with various Continental bodies of a Leftist tendency, including those responsible for the notorious *Aube* (it is strange that our pacifists generally go wrong on the Spanish question also), are posing before the world here and in the States as the true exponents of the Catholic attitude towards war, once again wholly unauthorized by our ecclesiastical leaders. Accordingly, we welcome as a sound and valuable contribution to Catholic thought, the leader on the "Church and War," published in *The Catholic Herald* for November 18th, in which the editor exposes the fallacies and falsehoods on which extreme pacifism is based and the amoral extremes to which it logically leads. The files of this journal show that it has been consistently peace-loving for three decades and more, that it has never ceased to denounce the war-spirit and the progressive deterioration of the methods and means of warfare, but that it has as constantly reprobated the sentimentalism that so weakens the rational arguments against war,<sup>1</sup> and upheld the Catholic doctrine in the matter of self-defence. The Church instinctively avoids extremes and those "short cuts to virtue" which involve the denial of human rights. The natural abhorrence of war, intensified by the troubled state of Europe, has stimulated the activity of these impatient but misguided theorists

<sup>1</sup> See, for instance, "A Pacifist Heresy," October, 1936, "New War and Old Ethics," June, 1937, "The Ethics of Bombing," March, 1938.

who yet seem strangely insensible to their privileges as members of a teaching Church.

### The Anglo-Italian Accord

WHATEVER our opinions of Fascism as a constitutional theory, we need none of us regret that the friction between Italy and Britain has at last been ended, again through the initiative of our peace-loving Premier. The Rome-Berlin axis, never a very clear piece of imagery, now assumes a curious shape but, however it is conceived, it means the resumption of friendly relations with an historically great and progressive Power, and peace in the Mediterranean is more secure. It means, moreover, the recognition of Italy's colonial Empire and of the conquest of Abyssinia. There are those who hold that such recognition on our part means the "compounding of a felony," and that a state of unfriendliness indefinitely prolonged, with all the dangers and inconveniences attending it, would be preferable to condoning such a breach of morality. That *fiat-justitia* attitude is admirable in the abstract, but the politician is often faced with the choice of two evils, and there is no moral obliquity attached to the choice of the least. We have to own that two views of the Italian conquest are possible and permissible. The Italians, judging by the "facts" as they knew and understood them, were persuaded that their action was lawful—a view shared by their spiritual leaders: always a decisive point with Catholics. Others, going by another selection of "facts" were not convinced that the enterprise was just. The League of Nations, as we know, decided in this sense, but then deserted the moral principle. Instead of refusing all assistance to the wrongdoers, the boycott it tried to enforce was only partial, enough to irritate but not to stop. In other words, in practice it reversed its judgment and allowed its members to give material help in the aggression which it had denounced, and thus the moral issue, never absolutely clear, became hopelessly confused. Accordingly, it is possible even for those who have thought the Italians wrong to realize that they think and thought themselves right, and to be content to leave them undisturbed in that conviction. The real truth will not be known except to much later generations. Meanwhile, we are more profitably employed in deploring our own national delinquencies, from the results of which we are still suffering. Blaming other peoples, like boasting of ourselves, is the height of international ill-manners.

**France still doubtful**

ONE had hoped that the British Accord with Italy would be closely followed by an Agreement with France, which would still further improve the prospects of international peace. But it would seem that Signor Mussolini considers France to be still "on the wrong side of the barricades." And indeed the whole policy of France in regard to the Spanish war is hard to reconcile with any real sense of the necessary conditions for European appeasement. How can it be thought that a Sovietized Spain, committed to the policy of the Red International, would be a better neighbour than the Christian State which is coming into being under General Franco? Officially atheist though she is and too tolerant of her communists, France cannot be so blind to the stability of the Christian tradition as to prefer the negation of law and morality which is all that Russia can offer to the world. In spite of the pretence of Non-Intervention, France has been the chief support of the Red iconoclasts since July, 1936, and has thus prolonged a resistance which has nothing rational and very little national behind it. In the financial debacle which is threatening her she will need Spanish friendship as well as Italian: not to speak of German. We trust Mr. Chamberlain, visiting Paris this week, will be able to show her where her true interests lie.

**German Colonies**

THE German Colonies were taken from her by the victorious Allies as a punitive measure designed to keep her poor and weak. One has only to read the section of the Versailles Treaty dealing with the question, beginning with Article 119—"Germany renounces in favour of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers all her rights and titles over her overseas possessions," and proceeding in detail to deprive her of any footing anywhere outside Germany, to annul all agreements in her favour and practically to warn her off any continent except Europe, to understand how thoroughly, and foolishly, the Allies did their job and how justly Germany resents the continuance of this world-boycott. The chief matter for discussion when the Big Four meet again will undoubtedly be how to meet the German claim for the restoration, as much of her prestige, as of her property. The difficulties can hardly be exaggerated. In the first place the legatees of those vast possessions are extremely averse to

giving them up. "The hard heir strides about the lands, and will not yield them for a day." During twenty years' tenure they have sunk money in them and "vested interests" have been created. France, especially, whose policy has always been to treat colonies as part of the motherland and as the source of army recruits, shudders at the thought of Germany being again given the chance of establishing her military strength in Africa. But the British settlers in Tanganyika and the Union of South Africa in the South-West Territory are equally averse to moving out. So if the Germans want the colonial *status quo* restored, it is hard to see how they can be satisfied. Both France and Italy have officially declared the impossibility, for the above reasons, of handing back the colonies. All the more reason is there for the colonial Powers which have benefited by the transfer to come to some commercial arrangement with Germany whereby she obtains real equivalent advantages. The most equitable solution would be that of forming all colonies into a world-trusteeship and allotting them as Mandates to the various Powers according to their historical claims. But that solution will follow rather than precede a new and Christian International Order.

### A Modern Exodus

NOW that the mass-migration of exiled and unwanted Jews from Germany and elsewhere is being taken in hand by the Evian Refugee Committee, representing twenty-two nations, attention may well be drawn to the feat which Italy has accomplished in transferring 18,000 families living in impoverished conditions to new well-equipped homes in Libya, thus at one stroke relieving the home country of a heavy burden and opening up fresh fields of enterprise for a growing population. About ten or eleven years ago this wealthy country attempted, with the aid of the "Imperial Industrial Board," to settle a couple of thousand superfluous miners in Canada but the experiment was a dismal failure and in a few years most of the men were back. The contrast is not an agreeable one, showing that democratic individualism lacks something which in even a poor Totalitarian State makes for efficiency. There is a chance now, with the Italian example to teach us, to solve this Jewish question by another exodus. There is a dramatic fitness, though it hardly makes for peace, in the proposal to settle the German Jews in what was formerly a German colony—Tanganyika.



### Democratic Ideals and Methods

THE Premier, in spite of pressure from his own side, has successfully resisted the suggested regimentation of this country in the interests of defence. The war scare has generated all sorts of suggestions for making England invulnerable—and uninhabitable. One eminent scientist has proposed a vast series of underground shelters capable of housing the whole population, so that at the first hum of a hostile bomber the English people could "go to earth" like rabbits and quake in security. That, of course, is shameful and ridiculous, and shows how apt the scientific mind is to lose the broader view. But other suggestions seem to be equally inspired by an excessive desire for security from hostile assault. They would preserve our lives at the cost of all that makes life worth living. And because Germany has reached a high degree of military efficiency, by making preparation for war the chief preoccupation of life, exchanging not only "butter," but human freedom and other spiritual values, for an abundance of guns, they would have this old democracy slavishly copy that Prussian spirit and submit to a degree of regimentation unworthy of civilized men. On the face of it, a Ministry of Supply and a Ministry of National Service seem reasonable policies, but they carry with them the germs of an all-pervading bureaucratic spirit which would tend to make life intolerable. We look down upon the Totalitarian States for their negation of liberty. We must, therefore, see that we can make ourselves as efficient through voluntary effort, adequately guided and controlled, without abandoning our traditions of freedom.

### Armament Competition

ANOTHER welcome announcement was made by the Air Minister on November 10th, viz., that the Government had abandoned the endeavour to reach numerical parity in aeroplanes—"parity with that of any country within striking distance of our shores"—was the old formula—and meant to build "a force adequate to our strategical necessities"—a formula not any clearer but one which gets rid of the idea of competition. Moreover, preference is to be given to the construction of fighters rather than bombers, which stresses the idea of defence. However, it is difficult to rid the popular



mind of two old notions, first, as Sir A. Geddes puts it (*Times*, November 13th) that "our security is and must be our own affair"—a reassertion of the policy of isolation, and second, that we cannot be really secure unless supreme. On this General Gough naïvely insists (*Times*, November 19th), demanding for this country supreme power in the air and at sea. The whole idea of consultation for peace to which the country is now committed is that peace cannot be attained by isolated effort. No nation, as the world is now constituted, has a right, even were it possible, to be so strong as to be safe against any likely foe, since the mere fact that I am safe because much stronger than my neighbour means that I make him unsafe because weaker than myself. Yet if rights are in question, he has as much right to be secure as I have. How far is the military mind from a sense of world-solidarity and human brotherhood!

### The Credulity of Anti-Semitism

TO clear the Church and the faithful generally of anti-Semitism, such as has reached its height in Nazi Germany but has flourished at times no less in France, one need only cite a declaration of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office issued on March 25, 1928, to this effect—"The Apostolic See moved by divine charity has protected the Jewish people against unjust persecution and, just as it reproves all quarrelling and rancour amongst nations, so it condemns especially that hatred against the people once chosen by God which is commonly called anti-Semitism." In this same sense the present Holy Father has spoken more than once, and he has not hesitated to say, indicating the close relation between the Old Dispensation and the New, that "we are all spiritually Jews." For this reason we regret to see that in the second edition of his important book "The Mystical Body of Christ in the Modern World," the Rev. Dr. Fahey, C.S.Sp., still hesitates to dissociate himself completely from that puerile forgery called "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion," the origin of which has been so clearly traced. Père Charles, a Belgian Jesuit, gave the history in detail of the "Protocols" (which Herr Hitler in "Mein Kampf" quotes as authentic to justify his anti-Semitism), in *la Nouvelle Revue Théologique* last January, and exposed their intrinsic absurdity and the gullibility of their various

defenders, which did not prevent one of the latter attempting an answer in the March and October issues of *la Revue Catholique des idées et des faits*. *La Nouvelle Revue Théologique* in November decides magisterially between the disputants, in favour of Père Charles and sound Catholic learning, which is so discredited by fanatics. There are enough more serious grounds for combating certain Jewish activities: their close union with Continental Masonry, the sworn foe of true religion, indicates one reason why civilized Governments everywhere are suspicious of their influence. They are conspicuously behind the support given by America to the Reds in Spain. We have no need to add to the charges against them a clumsy self-contradictory forgery which has so long outraged both historical and religious truth.

### The late Cecily Hallack

IT would ill beseem *THE MONTH*, in whose pages some of her best and most characteristic work originally appeared, to allow the death of Miss Cecily Hallack, on October 23rd, to pass without the expression of its heartfelt regret and its warm appreciation both of her literary talent and her intense Catholic spirit. A convert from Nonconformity twenty years ago and prevented by ill-health from achieving her desire for the religious life, she nevertheless exercised a fruitful apostolate in the world through her personal influence and her many books. She became a Tertiary of St. Francis, and her whole life and outlook reflected his joyous spirit of detachment. In all that she wrote she saw through and beyond the creature to the presence and working of God's Providence. A keen sense of humour did nothing to check her love for mankind, and although her books are full of witty observation there is nothing cynical or superior about them. She excelled in stories for and about children—her sketches in *THE MONTH* concerned a troop of Boy Scouts—and she could always manage to be really edifying without being in any way priggish. One of her latest books, "Adventure of the Amethyst" (highly praised in *THE MONTH* last July), contains a whole course of religious instruction deftly concealed in a fascinating story. Her last days were passed, Francis-like, under the shadow of the Cross, for she was incapacitated by a painful illness courageously borne. May she rest in peace.

## DR. G. G. COULTON AND CARDINAL GASQUET

SOME few weeks ago I was courteously invited by the Editor of *The New Catholic Herald* to comment upon a correspondence which had been going on in the columns of that journal on the pre-Reformation English Bible. I had to confess that I had not followed what had there been written, but on procuring copies of the back numbers I recognized that the controversy had travelled for the most part over well-worn lines. Among other contributors to the discussion, however, my eye was caught by the familiar name of Dr. G. G. Coulton, and in the issue for September 30th of the present year I found him declaiming for the hundredth time against the literary bad faith of Cardinal Gasquet who, he averred, supported his theory of an orthodox pre-Wyclifite translation "by the most outrageous mis-statement of plain fact, deliberately reprinted after public exposure, which has ever been brought home to any historian in my lifetime."

The Cambridge scholar does not miss many opportunities of venting his spleen upon anyone who, he fancies, has slighted him. Seeing, however, that the Cardinal has been in his grave for over nine years and meanwhile has presumably provided no new cause of provocation, one had been inclined to hope that there might be longer intervals between these seizures of miso-Gasquetian hysteria with which his assailant is periodically afflicted. Unfortunately, any such anticipation seems to be quite illusory. No further back than December, 1937, Dr. Coulton published a pamphlet which bore the title "The Scandal of Cardinal Gasquet," and which began with this sentence: "The literary dishonesties of this Cardinal Prefect of the Vatican Archives and President of the Papal Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate are briefly but very prominently dealt with in the first section of my *Sectarian History*." None the less, for fear this reference to a publication issued only six months earlier might miss its mark, the whole story from the accuser's point of view is gone into afresh and reinforced with new details such as the following:

In 1921 the Roman Catholics held a Bible Congress

with great pomp at Cambridge; Cardinals Bourne and Gasquet were both in the programme. A move was made, and supported as a generous gesture by some who had no Romeward inclinations, for granting Honorary Degrees to both. I let it be known that, in that case, I should exercise my right of publicly challenging the decision, with printed particulars, and the proposal was silently dropped.<sup>1</sup>

A little further on Dr. Coulton records with evident gusto that on that same occasion at Cambridge in a pamphlet printed and circulated previously to the Congress, and again published with a new preface and appendices after it was over, he told the public that "this writer [Cardinal Gasquet] has habitually employed literary methods which cannot be alleged, I believe, against any other living historian in the civilized world. . . . Whatever shame there may be in this page, let it fall upon the writer who perpetrated and upon the hierarchy which still continues tacitly or actively to countenance the thing here exposed." <sup>2</sup> It is tempting to ask whether among living authors in the civilized world a more ignoble exhibition of the *odium theologicum* can be found than that displayed by Dr. Coulton during more than thirty years. What show of justification he has for the righteous tone which he assumes is a point which must occupy us later on, but for the moment I am mainly concerned with what I can only describe in Falstaff's phrase as his "damnable iteration." Even Dr. Coulton's copious vocabulary of invective threatens to run dry from the excessive demands he makes upon it. In his pamphlet "The Roman Catholic Church and the Bible" (1921) he says: "He [Cardinal Gasquet] has based one of his most important arguments in favour of Roman Catholics and the Bible upon a mis-statement of fact so ludicrous and so easily verifiable that he might almost as reasonably have denied the spelling of his own name." <sup>3</sup> In another pamphlet (1925) he comes back to the same matter: "Cardinal Gasquet has not only published but deliberately reprinted without alteration six years afterwards, in spite of the most public exposures, mis-statements of which one at least is as indefensible as to deny the spelling of his own name." <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Coulton, "The Scandal of Cardinal Gasquet" (December, 1937), p. 5.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 6.

<sup>3</sup> "The Roman Catholic Church and the Bible," p. 4.

<sup>4</sup> "Roman Catholic History," p. 14. This pamphlet, published by Simpkin Marshall, price 6d., is a reprint of an article contributed by Dr. Coulton to *The Modern Churchman* for March, 1925.

But it is useless to pile up examples. The main ground of offence, that referred to in the citations just made, is introduced for the first time, and almost casually, in the earliest instalment of "Medieval Studies" (1905), but when no notice was taken of the correction, the full diapason of the slighted critic's wrath bursts upon us in the collected second edition (1915), supplemented with a list of nearly 200 supposed blunders collected from Dom Gasquet's various publications, and this, of course, is repeated in the third edition. I will only notice that in "Sectarian History" (1937), always in connexion with the same alleged falsification of historical fact, a new term of opprobrium appears. Dr. Coulton complains that by their endorsement of Cardinal Gasquet's criminal misconduct the whole Catholic public have become accessories after the fact. "This truth-robber," he writes, "finds ready receivers of falsehood wherever he may turn. . . . Not only does theological morality demand restitution in such a case, but every civilized code of ethics. Yet restitution is just what the author cannot afford; for public confession would be too great a blow to his personal credit and that of the hierarchy."<sup>1</sup>

But what has this "truth-robber" done? What is in fact the "Scandal of Cardinal Gasquet"?

The main charge which is always put in the forefront and has been repeated by Dr. Coulton again and again is easily stated. In the essay on "The pre-Reformation English Bible" (which first saw the light in *The Dublin Review* for July, 1894, and was reprinted subsequently without change in 1897 and 1908) Dom Gasquet referred briefly to thirteen heretical errors condemned in 1514 by the Bishop of London. These had been extracted from "The Prologue of Hun's Great Book of the Bible"; Hun being a Lollard who was then in durance upon a charge of heresy. St. Thomas More, as is well known, also alludes to Hun's Bible. Dom Gasquet then goes on to say that this Great Bible "must have been a Lollard production *although we shall look in vain in the edition of the Wyclifite Scriptures published by Forshall and Madden for any trace of these errors.*" Six years later, in *The Church Quarterly Review* for January, 1901, the Rev. Arthur Ogle pointed out that these thirteen errors were unmistakably to be found in the "General Prologue" to the Bible as printed in the critical edition of Forshall and Madden. The fact is beyond dispute, though the Prologue, which runs to some

<sup>1</sup> "Sectarian History," p. 7.

sixty quarto pages, is so long that a rather impatient reader might easily overlook these errors. The heretical sentiments complained of are given no great prominence and are not of their own nature very shocking, but the close correspondence of the phraseology employed can leave no doubt that the thirteen objectionable propositions were extracted from a text substantially identical with the "General Prologue" to the Bible as edited by Forshall and Madden.

What, then, was Dom Gasquet thinking of when he wrote the words italicized above? On reading and re-reading his original article along with the supplement added in 1897, I am convinced that his attention was centred entirely upon the text of the Bible itself. No trace, he declares, of the errors complained of is to be found in this English translation of the Vulgate which Forshall and Madden had edited both in its earlier and in its revised form. We have in both cases an honest rendering from the Latin completely free from those false constructions, misinterpretations or garblings which Dom Gasquet had persuaded himself were bound to occur in any version made in the interests of unorthodox teaching. There was no taint of heresy in the so-called Wyclifite translation; for this, as he shows upon good evidence, was often left with the sanction of ecclesiastical authority in the hands of monks, nuns and devout layfolk. Unquestionably it would have prevented much misunderstanding if Dom Gasquet had explained: "I am not talking of the Prologue, but only of the *Scriptures*." The Prologue, however, forms no part of the Bible itself; it is omitted in the majority of the copies of the Wyclifite version which have come down to us, and other copies contain but one innocuous chapter of the document in question.<sup>1</sup> Considering how Dom Gasquet's principal assailant first approached him—of which more anon—it is, I think, easy to understand how at an early stage in his career the Cardinal made it a fixed rule that he would not enter into any discussion with critics of a certain temper. But if he *had* answered any assailant who challenged the statement italicized above he would have had a perfectly valid reason for replying: "You are attributing to me what I never said. I declared that there was no trace of heretical teaching in the so-called Wyclifite *SCRIPTURES* as edited by Forshall and Madden, and I see no occasion at all to modify that statement. If the errors occur in the Prologue it is regrettable;

<sup>1</sup> See British Museum MS. Royal I.C. 8; and Bodleian MS. 277.

but I was not talking of the Prologue." In point of fact, what the Cardinal did say to a friend who once alluded to the subject appears to have been just this: "Let the old idiot read my words."

No one who studies what Abbot Gasquet printed in his book "*The Old English Bible*" (1897) can fail to see that the flawless orthodoxy of the supposed Wyclifite translation formed the backbone of his argument. He points out at considerable length (pp. 130—134) how Tyndale's New Testament was forbidden by authority because it was "corruptly translated." He quotes J. R. Green's comment that "Tyndale's version bore the Lutheran stamp in its version of ecclesiastical words; 'church' became 'congregation,' 'priest' was changed into 'elder,' and so on. We all of us again know how Luther himself twisted the Bible text to support his own theology."<sup>1</sup> Consequently we find Dom Gasquet arguing:

So far as I have been able to discover, however, from an examination of the two texts [of the Wyclifite Bible], there is nothing inconsistent with their having been the work of perfectly orthodox sons of Holy Church. In no place where, had the version been the work of Lollard pens, we might have looked for texts strained or glossed to suit their well-known conclusions, do any such appear.

So again he insists: "Another not unimportant point in the evidence which goes to show that the vernacular versions, now known as Wyclifite, are in reality perfectly orthodox and authorized, is the fact that most of the copies now extant are intended for use in the church." And, once more, he quotes Sir F. G. Kenyon as saying that "the extant copies, which we have seen to be connected with Hereford and Purvey, show no traces of partisanship or of heretical doctrine. It is a plain translation of the Latin text of the Scriptures then current without bias to either side."<sup>2</sup> And lastly at the very end Dom Gasquet asks how it is that while the English Bishops asserted that the Wyclifite translation was made in order to undermine, or rather attack, the Faith and teaching of Holy Church, "there are no traces of this intention in the extant Wyclifite versions." Surely it is obvious that the writer's mind throughout is fixed upon the text of the Bible and not

<sup>1</sup> See Grisar's "*Luther*," Vol. V, pp. 513—516, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Gasquet, "*The Old English Bible*" (1897), pp. 138—9, 150—1, 163; cf. also pp. 168 and 178.



upon the treatise by which it is preceded in a certain limited number of the extant manuscripts.

No doubt the existence of these errors in the Prologue is a serious blow to one of his arguments, if we admit, as Dom Gasquet himself seems to do, that the reviser of the translation was identical with the author of the Prologue.<sup>1</sup> But, after all, the earlier version was not the work of the author of the Prologue, and it would still be possible to maintain without inconsistency that the earlier version was in its origin not Wyclifite but Catholic.

Personally I am inclined to think that the Cardinal was mistaken regarding this Catholic authorship, but controversialists who possess any elementary sense of decency do not use such language as "dishonesty," "the Gasquet scandal," "this truth-robber," etc., so long as even the plain lapses of an opponent, who is respected by all the world, are consistent with good faith. Dr. Coulton everywhere lays stress upon the republication without change of the "Old English Bible" volume after the presence of the errors in the Wyclifite "General Prologue" had been pointed out by Mr. Ogle and commented upon in *The Church Times* and elsewhere. But even though two registered letters on the subject had been sent to Abbot Gasquet (of course, by G.G.C.) calling his attention to the matter, I do not feel satisfied that the recipient had ever troubled to read through their contents. When an assailant of this type continues to bombard you with letters after you have clearly manifested that further correspondence is distasteful, the natural instinct of a busy man is to throw them into the waste-paper basket unread as soon as he has ascertained the writer's identity. I speak with knowledge, for I have myself had the same experience. It is also noteworthy that what Dr. Coulton describes as this "outrageous misstatement of plain fact," which was "so ludicrous and indefensible" that its author "might almost as reasonably have denied the spelling of his own name," passed unperceived for more than six years. Meanwhile, Dom Gasquet's views had been criticized by Mr. F. D. Matthew, a well-known Wyclif specialist, in *The English Historical Review*; by Sir F. G. Kenyon in his book "Our Bible and the Ancient Monuments"; by G. M. Trevelyan in his "England in the Age of Wyclif"; and by Canon W. W. Capes in his "English Church in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries." They were

<sup>1</sup> Gasquet, "The Old English Bible" (1897), pp. 175-6.



none of them prepared to accept the new theory outright, but they discussed it seriously and spoke of its originator with courtesy and respect. I find it hard to believe that none of these distinguished scholars was acquainted with the contents of the "General Prologue," and I can only infer that they gave to Dom Gasquet's denial of the presence of the thirteen errors in the Wyclifite Scriptures, the same perfectly innocent interpretation which I have indicated above.

But now let me pass on to consider a little further the relations between Cardinal Gasquet and his implacable assailant, and this time from the point of view of the defendant whose mutism—a favourite word with Dr. Coulton, but his secretary, it will be remembered, spells it muteism—provoked him to such violence of language. In the year 1888 Dom Gasquet had brought out his book "Henry VIII and the English Monasteries," still his most important work. It was well received on all hands, had most favourable reviews, and in the words of Dr. James Gairdner, an expert whose whole life had been devoted to the first-hand study of the records of this period, "the work of Dom Gasquet reversed history."<sup>1</sup> From that time on, the Benedictine scholar was everywhere treated with respect, he was summoned to Rome and played a leading part in the investigations which preceded Pope Leo XIII's pronouncement on Anglican Orders in 1896, and in 1903 he became a member of the Athenæum Club under a rule which empowered the Committee to elect "persons of distinguished eminence in science, literature, or the arts, or for public services."

At this date Mr. George Gordon Coulton, however capable and erudite he may afterwards have proved himself, was a raw recruit quite unknown in the field of historical research. The only publication of his of which I can find any trace is an essay on "The public schools and the public needs" printed in 1901. He had, however, apparently been reading "Henry VIII and the English Monasteries," and he decided to heckle the author, then Abbot President of the English Benedictines, upon the lack in his book of definite references to the Episcopal Registers. This is the account he himself has printed:

My first letter (March 14, 1901) remained unanswered.

I therefore sent another, registered, on May 23rd. This time there was a brief acknowledgment but no references,

<sup>1</sup> I have not the exact reference before me, but I quote from an article in *The Downside Review* for May, 1929, p. 138.

the author was under doctor's orders. Waiting until I saw his name conspicuous again in the newspapers (November 13th) I wrote for the third time, enclosing as before a paper which should have facilitated his reply. This was a list of a score of volumes of episcopal visitations or similar documents which I knew were accessible; I asked him to cross out those which he might not have read when he made that confident generalization and initial those which he had read and relied upon to testify in his favour. This job might perhaps have taken him ten minutes; certainly not more. He replied, however, in ten lines: "It would take me more time than I can spare to go through my collections for 'Henry VIII and the Monasteries'—which were made many years ago—to do what you ask. At present I have not even got my note-book, made in several of the bishops' registry offices, at hand to refer to." This, of course, was merely irrelevant and evasive.<sup>1</sup>

There is, it will be noticed, no suggestion that Mr. Coulton in writing to the Abbot had sought or obtained any kind of introduction. We also know nothing of the tone or the length of these letters. It is true that he states that they were couched "in ordinary terms of courtesy," but G.G.C.'s idea of "ordinary terms of courtesy" may not be quite the same as that of other people. In No. 15 of his "*Medieval Studies*" Dr. Coulton gives some further account of the courteous letter of November 13, 1901, just mentioned. He says: "In the letter posted to Cardinal Gasquet on November 13, 1901, I asked him if he could venture to maintain that it (with other visitation acts which I specified by name for clearness sake) bore out his incriminated general contention. I asked him the same probing question with regard to the volume of Norwich visitations," etc.<sup>2</sup> For a quite unknown subaltern writing off his own bat to a prelate of a different communion this seems to me pretty strong, especially when we remember that the book referred to had been published thirteen years previously. I have never been a prelate, but I can fancy that the recipient of such an epistle might feel that the writer badly needed snubbing. In any case, in the next communication from Mr. Coulton, who had still published no historical work, the pretence of courtesy is laid aside. He himself quotes some

<sup>1</sup> Coulton, "*Romanism and Truth*," Part 2 (1931), pp. 277—8.

<sup>2</sup> "*Medieval Studies*," No. 15 (1921), p. 12.

part of the document. It was sent to Abbot Gasquet by registered post on May 29, 1905, and begins as follows :

You may remember that some six years since I wrote to you about your book "Henry VIII and the English Monasteries." I pointed out that you had given no real reference for one of the most important statements in your whole book. . . Since then I have been collecting materials to expose the methods of your "Monasteries," as your methods in "The Old English Bible" have been exposed by *The Church Quarterly*. . . I have pointed out how you quote authorities as saying the exact opposite of what in fact they say, how you mistranslate the plain Latin of your original to suit your own contentions, etc. . . I write thus strongly because I have convinced myself that your historical methods and ethics are very different to what modern Englishmen are accustomed to expect, etc.<sup>1</sup>

Can we be astonished that "this letter was neither answered or acknowledged"? Cardinal Gasquet was not a man to stand upon his dignity in ordinary matters, but there are forms of rudeness and persistency which can only be met by ignoring the ill-mannered challenger. One of Cardinal Gasquet's oldest living friends, a scholar beyond the reach of any aspersions upon his probity or intelligence, has assured me that the Cardinal would never consent to make any reply to Dr. Coulton because he considered him "too low down in his methods" to meet even on terms of controversy. I am not sure that such a resolution is always wise, but I am pretty confident that the effect of Dr. Coulton's abusive letters was to stiffen the Abbot President, who was becoming every year more busy with administrative duties, in his attitude of *quod scripsi, scripsi* : (what I have written, I have written). There may be faults, I imagine him saying, and any critic who likes is free to point them out, but I have not time to undertake a thorough revision. Those who do not care to accept the conclusions at which I arrived some years ago, are not compelled to read my books. In substance I believe them sound.

It will not be inferred, I trust, from what I have here written that I consider Cardinal Gasquet's historical work invulnerable. No Catholic probably in past years has criticized it more freely than I have done. But the existence of even

<sup>1</sup> Coulton, "The Gasquet Scandal" (December, 1937), p. 4.

serious faults is no excuse for such violent language as imputes bad faith, deliberate misrepresentation and an unprincipled disregard of truth. In connexion with the denial that the thirteen errors are to be found in Forshall and Madden's edition of the Wyclifite Scriptures, Dr. Coulton has on at least two occasions introduced my name. In his pamphlet "The Gasquet Scandal" he says that at the Cambridge meeting "the Cardinal himself made no reply whatever to any exposure of the reprinted falsehood at any of the meetings. Father H. Thurston, who attacked me on other minor points, did not venture to defend him here." Similarly in the brochure "Divorce, Mr. Belloc and the Daily Telegraph" he states that "Father Thurston has always unaccountably avoided" dealing with the questions raised in the "Studies in Medieval History." Suffice it to say that I did not tackle the point because there was much else to write about and space in a magazine article is always limited.

Before ending, there are one or two remarks I should like to make concerning the "nearly two hundred" blunders of Cardinal Gasquet which Dr. Coulton professes to have gibbeted in his "Medieval Studies." My first comment is that G.G.C. has been guilty of some rather unfortunate blunders himself, blunders which require a good deal of explaining. One such is his statement that the Cluniac visitors in 1290 found all the houses of the Order in a bad state spiritually, whereas the report says precisely the contrary.<sup>1</sup> This perversion of the truth has been admitted and retracted, but there are many others equally serious for which the author has refused to accept correction. Such is the account of St. Joan of Arc's early religious training in his "Medieval Village," or his ridiculous assertion that Bishop William of Auvergne "who was no snob, writes of *servilia opera* [i.e., manual labour] as unworthy of self-respecting men."<sup>2</sup>

In the second place I should like to point out that if Cardinal Gasquet is to be treated as a falsifier of history whose books contain nothing of value, because a number of erroneous details or oversights have been laboriously extracted from the thousands of pages he has printed, what are we to say of such a writer as Dr. H. C. Lea? In one of that historian's

<sup>1</sup> The mis-statement occurred in No. 6 of "Medieval Studies," p. 59. It was only corrected years afterwards in No. 15 of the same series, p. 3.

<sup>2</sup> See the references in my booklet "Some Inexactitudes of Dr. Coulton," pp. 31-5, 37-8.

works, as has been recently shown,<sup>1</sup> fifteen palpable blunders, blunders of a much grosser type than the majority of those laid to the Cardinal's charge, were discoverable in a section of eleven consecutive pages chosen at random by a third party wholly uninterested in the result. Granted even that these pages were exceptionally vulnerable, what a harvest is likely to be yielded if one set to work to comb out, not eleven pages, but eleven bulky volumes? If all credit is to be forfeited by the occurrence of a certain percentage of blunders, Dr. Lea has not a leg to stand on. And yet because his conclusions are attuned to the prejudices of the vast anti-Romanist public, he is still acclaimed by Dr. Coulton, and by others more famous than he, as one of the most outstanding and trustworthy exponents of medieval history which our generation has known.<sup>2</sup>

Finally, let me say this. If Cardinal Gasquet had embezzled fifty thousand pounds or had assassinated a prime minister the matter would have been forgotten long ago; but he has slighted Dr. Coulton by refusing to make him any answer, and therefore the memory of his offences must never be allowed to die. How far the author of these multiplied libels is morally responsible remains a question for the specialist in neurology. Dr. Coulton seems to me almost as mentally unbalanced as was his patron saint, the famous Lord George Gordon of the Protestant Association, but there is no question upon which the alienist finds it so difficult to pronounce as the degree in which neurasthenics of this type are accountable for what they do and say. One is therefore left free to hope that Dr. Coulton may possibly not be in reality so lost to shame and so vindictive as the tone of his continually renewed attacks would lead us to suppose.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> See "Dr. G. G. Coulton and Dr. H. C. Lea: a Challenge and its Sequel," *THE MONTH*, January and February, 1937: "Dr. Coulton Again," *ibid.*, October, 1937.

<sup>2</sup> Just at the time that Dr. Coulton was sending his first challenging letters to Abbot Gasquet I was occupying myself with H. C. Lea's "Reformation" chapter in the "Cambridge Modern History," then newly published. I should greatly have liked to write to Dr. Lea in order to ask him to furnish evidence for several of the statements of fact he had there made. But, to put it plainly, failing a formal introduction, I hadn't the cheek. I took it for granted that I should get no answer. So I contented myself with writing the article in the *American Catholic Quarterly* which G.G.C. has described as so insulting for the doubt thrown on the accuracy of Dr. Lea. I sometimes wonder if Dr. Coulton is to be envied for his own complete freedom from an inferiority complex. A little modesty is not always a bad thing.

## A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CHRISTMAS

1 DECEMBER.

**T**O Mass this morn in haste having slept late, and there find that Mistress Wood has placed herself in our bench and greets me with smiles and bobs as if to say that it must please me to find her so neighbourly. I make haste to open my prymer, only to find that Sue, the foolish wench, has forgotten to bring our candles and I cannot see one word. Gerard still abed with his rheum. To divert him somewhat I tell him about our neighbour, which so disturbs him that I wish I had held my peace.

"That woman in our place again!" cries Gerard. "And last Sunday when I went up to offer my Mass-penny, who was beside me but Master Wood? I might as well not be the Squire of this parish if every Hal and Hob can make free of my privileges!"

Poor Gerard has little relish for the new gentry around us, and for the new manners which they have brought with them.

3 DECEMBER.

Gerard having sharp speech with Master Steward about the Yule-logs; for although the old oak was felled at Michaelmas, never were there less logs in the wood-byre. Yet when I visit Master Steward in his own cottage, the fire on the hearth would roast an ox. Alack, that the days are past when the servants were the fingers, and the master the hand, and all worked merrily together.

5 DECEMBER.

Friar Lawrence came after Vespers and stayed awhile. He brought news at which we were astounded. The Lady Julian, daughter of the Knight of Carrow, has made herself an anchoress near by to Norwich.

"A piece of folly!" says Gerard at once. "She was a comely lass and could have led a happy useful life with a husband of good estate. What good does it do her to bury herself alive, good Friar?"

"Holy Church blesses the recluse, so the calling must be one pleasing to God," said Friar Lawrence severely. "Would

you speak so hardily if your own daughter Alison wished to follow the Lady Julian to a cell?"

"I would chain her to the wall," Gerard said promptly, "and feed her with wastrel-bread and water until she came to a better mind. Old Carrow should be in Bedlam if such folly is to his liking!"

"The Knight of Carrow is a holy man," said Friar Lawrence, and looked at Gerard closely and long. I fear he does not think Gerard holy.

#### 7 DECEMBER.

Talked much with Gerard this morn about the feast of Christmas, and the charges thereto. Alison must have a new kirtle of damask, and Roger a new surcote. Then there are the gifts to the serving men and women; the candles for the church, the venison to the Friars, and the capon to the Nuns. The butt of ale for the wassailers; the woollen shifts to the Lazar house at Norwich, and the comfits and hosen to the village children. And a flagon of mead and a pot of soused brawn to each of the crones in our parish. I remind him how last year old Mother Meg asked the kitchen wenches for a cup of mead, and for sport they gave her water instead. Whereupon she was wroth and cursed our cattle, and in the spring there was a pox among the lambs. Friar Lawrence bids me pay no heed to such old wives' foolishness as curses; but I shall send her a groat privily and a pair of hosen.

I was minded to bring over the mummers from Norwich who played at my Lady Faversham's last Yule, but Gerard will have none of it. So all will be as before; my sister Elinore will bring her fool with her, and the jongleur from Normandy. Poor sport, and costly enough, for the ale flows mightily between those two.

#### 9 DECEMBER.

In my closet making a cordial against the ague, when Master Steward hurries in to tell me that Mistress Wood and her daughter are awaiting me below. So I put on a fresh wimple and go down, heavy of heart, for I know the morning is wasted.

"Good-morrow, Mistress Isobel," says Mistress Wood, making such a reverence that I must nearly crack my poor knees to make one as low as hers. She must ever remind me that she is a fine lady from London, and daughter-in-law of the wealthy merchant, Sir Thomas Wood. With her is her



daughter, the Demoiselle Anne, a proud lass with too many words for her youth. We sit down by the fire and I tell Sue to bring sweet wafers and wine, green ginger, and dates, as I know is served in London among the fine ladies.

Then in comes Gerard, whose face droops when he sees that we are visited; but escape he cannot, so he greets them courteously. Madame asks him graciously how are the pigs and the kine? to which he answers that they fare well enough, and how does Master Wood enjoy being a country gentleman in Norfolk?

"My husband says that there is great sport in farming," she tells him, "so long as a man has enough gold to spare and need not break his heart if the market goes against him at Norwich."

"That is very true," says Gerard, thinking, I doubt not, of the ewes he did not sell at Michaelmas Fair. He asks the Demoiselle Anne how a country life pleases her after the gallant shows of London? To which she answers that she lives merrily enough, as the Demoiselles Margaret and Alice de Lacy are ever in her home, or she at the Manor with them. Poor Hugh de Lacy! if he had been less fond of gaming he would not now be forced to seek his friends among the rich merchants.

"I am so pleased that my Anne has such good friends," says Mistress Wood. "Dear Margaret and Alice made me a little sac of broidery for my feast day. They learnt their fine stitchery, as did my Anne, with the White Ladies of Ipswich."

"Alison is quite skilled in painting now," I tell her quickly enough, "and her script is as smoothly written as a friar's."

"Where have you placed her for her schooling?" inquires Madame. "Is it at the Abbey at Carrow? My husband had a good report of that convent from a burgess of Norwich who sent his daughters there."

"Alison is with the Ladies of Saint Michael at Ely, where my own sister is Prioress," I answer. "Perhaps you know less of it than of Carrow, for the demoiselles are few and only such as are of gentle lineage."

Gerard rises at this and says that he must begone as Master Steward is awaiting him. He shakes the hour-glass and bids me tell Sue that the hour is later than the glass shows, and the sand needs replenishing. Such a hint even this madame must surely take; but she draws nearer to the fire and shakes



her hand at the blaze so that I may not miss seeing her great ring.

"Will you be in Norfolk for Christmas, or are you going to Sir Thomas's at the Chepe?" I ask her for courtesy's sake.

"Sir Thomas is coming to us this year, so that he may see a real country Yule," she answers. "And my son Simon is bringing with him his great friend, Richard, the Knight of Sheen's son, so there will be much sport and games. My Lord Bishop from Antwerp is also coming to us. He is now at Walsingham—the holy man!!—where he goes yearly. My Lord and my husband are great friends, for they were young clerks together at Oxenford."

"I wish that you were also having My Lord of Westminster," say I. "He is a cousin of my brother's wife, Elinore."

But she seems not to hear me and says that the hour grows late and she must away. So again we curtsey and bob, and make great ceremony, and at last she goes.

#### 10 DECEMBER.

My son Roger has written begging that he may offer to the shrine of St. Thomas a gold bell for the canopy, as is the custom among the scholars of Canterbury when they go from there. Gerard ill-pleased, saying that St. Thomas would not seek such glitter for himself, and that our shrines are over-rich with trinkets and gold. I trust that Gerard is not becoming a heretic, which we have never known in our family, and may there never be such. Alison's lute needs to have new strings, for which I must send the convent 2d. Also 9d. for the kirtle and shoes which she had at Midsummer. Gerard cries that between the nuns and the friars he will soon be without a penny in his pouch.

#### 12 DECEMBER.

The snow falling, and Gerard sneezing and saying that he has a fever and may not live to see Christmas. In comes Sue with much haste to tell us that a palmer stands at the gates. So in he must come, and he is none other than Dickon whose father was my father's groom; and at first all he can say is that when we last met I was a demoiselle at home and now he would scarcely have known me. Dickon is now a clerk and a holy man, and must sit with us at our board. We dine well on capon stuffed with veal; and Gerard brightens some-

what and tells Dickon how he went to Palestine in the last Crusade and slew three Turks who had taken the armour of a Christian knight.

Dickon is returned from Palestine where he stayed for two years with a Norman baron who had made himself a hermit there. Gerard asks me privily how long is Dickon minded to stay with us now?

14 DECEMBER.

Abed and asleep when there comes a baying and howling from the courtyard, and the light of lanterns on the wall makes me start up in dread that the house is afire. Robin, the groom, comes hotfoot up the stair and says that there is below a Lady Abbess and her retinue who seek shelter from the storm. Gerard awakes and is at once in a fume, saying that when he next meets My Lord Bishop of Norwich he will ask him why convents are builded since the nuns are for ever abroad?

"For shame, Gerard!" I chide him. "You know that My Lord has striven hard to amend this. And what about my sister's nuns, and more besides, who keep closely to their cells?"

But my words avail little, so I waste no more time and garb myself quickly and go down to welcome our guests. There is a Lady Abbess, with her curate, and her chaplain nun and two little nuns so like Alison that I at once loved them. My Lady Abbess greets me graciously and I kneel for her blessing. She has such holy airs and speaks like a bishop; and sets her curate to rights as if a prelate she were indeed. I order the fire to be blown bright and the board spread with pasties and wine, while the beds are being made ready.

"You are fortunate to be so near our Lady's shrine at Walsingham," says my Lady Abbess. "It must please you to see so many pilgrims, and to give them God speed on their holy journey. I am thankful that the storm caught us so near your gates, otherwise we would have fared ill."

"It is a pity that we have broken your rest," said the nun-chaplain courteously. "I fear we are giving much trouble to your household, and the hour is late."

At that moment Gerard enters, and his face betokens too plainly that he is unready for so many visitors.

"This is a bad season for travelling, my Lady Abbess," says Gerard, bowing with his best grace. "Holy Church must

be heavy of heart when her nuns are abroad on such a night as this!"

"Holy Church blesses her children who go on pilgrimage," says my Lady Abbess with so much piety that I am tempted to smile, but her curate looked even more weary and wan. "I am going to Walsingham where I shall pray for your soul's weal, and for the good estate of your family. Are your children abed, good Mistress?"

"Abed, yes, but not here," I answer. "My son Roger is a clerk with the Black Friars at Canterbury, and my daughter Alison with the Ladies of Saint Michael at Ely."

"Yes, yes—I know them well," says the Abbess. "I came by Ely, but did not delay there as one of the nuns has the sweating-sickness and is likely to die of it."

"The sweating-sickness!" Gerard turned to me, his face suddenly white as flour. "Isobel, did you hear?—the sweating-sickness is in the convent. Why did your sister send no word of this? If it touches Alison—"

"Oh, Gerard!" I said, foolishly enough, but my heart could find no other words.

"I wish that I had held my peace about this," said my Lady Abbess. "But, good Sir, why should your daughter be in worse plight than the other demoiselles? None of them had taken the contagion when I left a week ago."

"It is their own child," said the nun-chaplain, and her eyes looked pitifully upon me. "But take heart, Madame, for our Lady of Walsingham must succour you who have been so kind to her pilgrims."

Gerard rose and went out of the hall, and I heard him speaking to Robin the groom, and then hastening up the stair. I was glad when he called me, for I knew not how to talk to our guests my heart was so unquiet. He was donning his heavy leathern jerkin, and was booted and spurred for a journey.

"No words, Isobel," he said before I could plead with him. "I will ride to Ely and bring back Alison. Tell Robin to put wine in the flasks and pasties in the little sac, for I do not wish to halt at any inn before to-night."

I obeyed, but as one dreaming. And when the great doors were flung open and the sleet blew in upon us, and Gerard set forth alone into the night, I could not keep from weeping. My Lady Abbess was kind and said she would say a chaplet of Paters for Alison before she slept; and what a pity

that my husband was so hasty in his resolves. I was glad when I could take them all to their chambers, and at last be alone.

15 DECEMBER.

The snow falls. Dickon, the palmer, has an ague. I have given him warm wine and honey. He says the ague will not leave him now until the spring, but since he must go from here he will make his peace with God and die by the roadside. So I tell him to remain with us as long as serves his need, and may Gerard forgive me! How does he fare? and my sweet Alison?

16 DECEMBER.

My Lady Abbess and her retinue have gone, despite the weather, for she says that they can lie to-night at my Lady Faversham's. I gave her a groat to light candles at the shrine of our Lady at Walsingham, and a Mass-penny for the Austin friars that they may pray for Alison. This she promises to do, but says that Walsingham is not what it was when she was young, and she fears that the friars have become worldly.

"They keep to their cells as befits their holy estate!" said her curate suddenly, which startled me, as beyond bidding me good-morrow and good-night I had scarcely heard him speak.

22 DECEMBER.

To-day I busy myself in the pantry and the buttery, taking count of the Christmas fare.

The beef is in pickle, the brawn soured; the capon hangs from his hook, and the venison and smoked hams hang near for company. Sue is blanching and powdering the almonds for the jellies and the blancmanger, and the other wenches are stirring the forcemeat which is to fill the boar's head. I have taken out the best pewter tankards and platters for Robin to polish; and to-morrow the men bring in the holly and laurel and bay to dress the house for Christmas.

I must see that the wenches go early to shrive on Christmas Eve, and that they do not dally in their homecoming. So I make ready for Christmas—but what if there is no Gerard here, or Alison?

23 DECEMBER.

This morn at Mass I could scarcely pray, so heavy were my

eyes after a night of little sleep. Mistress Wood awaits me outside the church and speaks to me with great kindness.

"Dear Mistress Isobel, I feel so grieved for you," she says. "I know how I wept and feared when Anne had a fever last midsummer, and the leech did not know how to remedy it. Is there ought that I can do for you now?"

I thank her, and am indeed touched that her heart is so gentle towards me. Suddenly the Demoiselle Anne tweaks her mother's sleeve and cries:

"Mother—look! is that not Simon riding towards us? And Gaffer's litter behind? He has come more speedily from London than we reckoned."

Mistress Wood rushes forward, and the young men in front of the litter rein-in their horses and greet us gallantly. Simon Wood is a fine lad, but I liked better the young man who rode nearest the litter, a stripling with brave looks and gentle mien.

"That is the Knight of Sheen's son, Richard!" Anne whispers to me, and rolls her eyes and flutters as I trust my Alison may never do so shamelessly. Then the litter curtains are parted, and Sir Thomas Wood descends slowly and carefully; and, lo! he is but a simple old greybeard with kind eyes like my own father. Mistress Wood curtsies, and Anne bobs, and both talk as one voice until they remember their manners and present Sir Thomas to me. At my name he starts and smiles mysteriously:

"Mistress Isobel Allendale?" says he. "Then we are well met, for I have brought you a parcel which must not be delayed."

He proffers me his arm and leads me towards the litter, and holds back the silk curtain. And there within is Alison! laughing and red of face, and jumping on the seat as if she were a small maid and not a demoiselle old enough to be wedded. "Mother!" she cries, and flings herself into my arms. Beside her there is seated an old lady, Sir Thomas's wife, who greets me very cordially and kindly. I did not expect to find them so gentle in mien and staid in their apparel, not flaunting their wealth as their son and his family do so merrily. Sir Thomas lifted his hand to silence Anne who was chattering like a jay, and turns to me:

"I must give you the message from Master Gerard, your good husband," he says. "He is riding home by way of Walsingham, where he wishes to give thanks to our Lady

that Alison is safe. We were at Ely, at the Star Inn, when he came there, wearied and spent from his long ride. And when I heard of his anxiety about Alison, I posted at once to the Priory, and found that after all there was no sweating-sickness, but only a common fever. But your sister the Prioress, said : 'Take Alison home, for her mother will have no peace until she sees her with her own eyes.' There was no litter in Ely fit for a demoiselle to travel in, so Master Gerard placed your child in our keeping, and a merry journey she has made for us all."

I scarcely know how to thank him for his kindness, but I beg him to stay with us before he returns to London, and Alison chimes in : "Yes, Sir Thomas, prithee Sir Thomas!" like a little bell. Her eyes are so bright and she smiles so merrily that I marvel at her, for the child had always been sedate and grave. And never yet have I seen her cheeks so blithe a red.

"We must all meet again speedily," says Mistress Wood. "Anne has a feast for her friends on St. Stephen's Day, and will you not all come over then to help us to make merry?"

Before I have time to answer, Alison turns and looks at me and her heart was in her eyes. Not less piteously looked young Richard of Sheen ; and my heart suddenly leaped half in joy, half in dread. Richard of Sheen is well favoured, and his father is an honourable knight. At Alison's age I was already wedded.

"I have no doubt that we shall all be merry together," said Sir Thomas. He glanced at Alison and smiled to himself. But to me he said gently : "Good Mistress, I have brought you back your daughter, but what will you say if through me she leaves you soon again?"

I looked towards Alison, but all her heed was for young Richard who was speaking to her very fast and low, and both laughing merrily. Suddenly the Demoiselle Anne moved her feet pettishly, and shook her mother's arm.

"Why must we stay so long in this cold air?" she said impatiently. "Master Richard, do you not want to dine to-day? You must be half-frozen after so bleak a journey!"

"Is it cold to-day?" said Richard of Sheen. "I have not been aware of it. Indeed I thought it was already spring!"

And he looked down at Alison's bright face, long and gladly, as one whose heart would seek no other face again.

M. O'ROURKE.

## VAGARIES OF BIRD LIFE

**I** SUPPOSE there are some questions that science will never settle. One of these is the mystery of the distribution of birds. And perhaps the reason why science will never settle it, is that the distribution is linked somehow with the various Ice-Ages and the severance and subsequent coming together of continents, about which subjects we know next to nothing for certain. What with bird-bandings and the birds' need of ultra-violet and infra-red light, in which northern latitudes are rich, and what with the fact that birds seem to like to breed where the daylight hours are longer, we are just beginning to penetrate the mystery of bird-migration. But the puzzle of their distribution by families remains.

Why are some British birds so similar to their obvious counterparts in America, and why are others—for instance, the chats or tiny thrushes—without representation in America? Some birds are born travellers, I imagine, and others not. I can walk by the cypresses of the Pincio Gardens in Rome, or for that matter in an English park that has coniferous trees, and find what I see near New York City in October—goldcrests, which in the United States are called golden-crowned kinglets, in company with tits, which in the Eastern United States are known as chickadees. These kinglets have the same unforgettable song as the goldcrest, the sound of which was described by Hudson "as of young mice squealing"! The kinglets have as well identical markings and the very same habits, while being also ringers for a certain species of willow warbler, Pallas's, found in Asia. What in the world has brought this smallest of birds, in length three and one-half inches, from Europe to America, or vice versa? Literally speaking, sometimes steamers do, for once a goldcrest, wearied by a gale, landed on my New York-Southampton liner a day or so out and got carried the way he didn't want to go. But that is obviously not the normal course.

There are two hundred and fifty species of birds that either visit or breed in Britain. Yet of these, not counting gannets, short-eared owls, certain ducks, geese, and sandpipers, and in general hardy aquatic and boreal species capable of travers-

ing the Atlantic and common to other continents besides America, there are only nine that are exact, or almost exact, counterparts, in voice, plumage, and name, of their brothers in the United States. These are the tree-creeper, the snow-bunting, the waxwing, the shore-lark, the magpie, the raven, the siskin, the lesser redpoll, and the crossbill. Come to think of it, they are rather wintry creatures, too. As the American Indians are said to be Mongolians that came from Asia via the Bering Straits, perhaps these birds, æons ago, crossed by a similar northerly route, across Greenland!

It is not from inability to travel that some birds are found only in one spot. The black duck of the United States, so common and so mobile on the Atlantic coast from Labrador to Florida, where it winters, has a relative like itself down there, a slightly smaller sub-species with differently coloured wing-patches, called the Florida black duck. It is neither maimed, nor halt, nor blind. Still it elects to stay in Florida all its days, having perhaps found a type of food or breeding-locality which fully satisfies it. The mobile type of black duck, which is, except for scoters and scaups, about the commonest duck in eastern American coastal waters, with an edibility similar to that of the mallard, has, strangely, no counterpart in England. While scoters and scaups are also British birds, the black duck is not.

From the latest studies in migration it has been concluded that no distance is apparently too great for a bird to travel. It has been recorded through bird-banding that a duck from England may be picked up in Chesapeake Bay, Delaware, or that a tern banded in Maine will be retrieved on a river of West Africa! Perhaps aquatic birds travel the farthest, since many of their food essentials may be found all over the globe, whereas birds that are otherwise very quick in flight, like the finches, are circumscribed by their food supply. How extremely different, save for siskins, redpolls and crossbills, is the European finch-tribe from that in America! Thus, the New World has no bullfinch, no brambling, no linnet, no hawfinch, no chaffinch, and no yellowhammer. Our closest for comparison, probably, would be the junco. This little "snow-bird" is almost as well spread throughout the United States in autumn, winter, and spring, as the chaffinch is in England. Like the chaffinch, he is a bird that does a lot of grubbing and scratching on the ground and habitually flies low in a quick, nervous flight, twittering as he goes, but his song



is not very distinguished. In plumage, however, the American finches are gorgeous: the goldfinch, lemon-yellow with black wings and cap; the purple finch, in colour a glowing raspberry; the cardinal; the scarlet tanager; the indigo bunting, the male a deep horizon-blue all over; the towhee and some strikingly marked sparrows.

To my astonishment I found the other day in casting about for the reason why there are so few orioles on the continents of the Old World as compared with the more than fifty known kinds in North and South America, that our American species, hang-nests, as they are sometimes called from their pendulous nests of a thousand stitches, are not truly orioles at all. In fact, their exact position is very much shrouded in doubt. Nowadays, it is commonly held that their family (*Icteridae*) is related to that of the finches and tanagers—your golden oriole is of course related, even if distantly, to the crow—and thus connected with the troupials. I must confess that a good part of my life as a bird-student has been spent in thinking of our orioles as allied to crow or starling. While they have musical songs, they have harsh, cackling notes also, which are often unpleasantly interjected into their more professional efforts—certainly a starlingesque trait. They keep company, like the other American *isterids*—the meadow-lark, the grackles, and the various American blackbirds (which, by the way, are not thrushes, like the English black-bird)—with starlings. I wonder if, after all, there isn't a relationship, even if vague, between starlings and the American orioles and blackbirds? Long before the starling was introduced into the United States, Audubon, whom Gérard called the king of ornithological painters, was in England, and, although he spent a total of several years there on at least four visits and left, curiously enough, few impressions of British birds in his journals, he wrote the following:

The bird commonly called the Meadow Lark with us is more nearly related to the Starling of this country than to any other bird. I was particularly surprised that a low note resembling the noise made by a wheel not well greased, was precisely alike, and that in *short* flights the movements of the wings had the same tremulous action before they alighted.

If the American orioles should indeed one fine day, by means of some brilliant thesis, be proved to be starlings, or

even, like your oriole, somewhat corvidian, they will still seem exotic and thin-blooded next to a starling or a rook. They are notorious for liking southern climes, the troupial, their ancestor, being tropical. Near New York they wing south, some of them in early July, after raising only one brood. But in Louisiana, where it is mild all the year, the beautiful and melodious orchard oriole, in his brick-red and black costume, is very nearly as common as the house sparrow. I do not think that our orioles, as they cannot bide New England for long, could stand the seasons of mist of Old England. But like the orioles, they live on a diet of fruit and insects, have a loud, flute-like voice, and build, not between forks of branches, but at their extremities.

Naturally, if you can blame American ornithology for naming what is really a troupial an oriole, English ornithology may be censured for calling a thrush a blackbird. I will retract that. It isn't ornithology that does these things: it is colloquial speech. I don't blame the original Englishman one bit who first saw *turdus merula* and fastened the name of blackbird to it. It is black. Nor would you blame at all the American Puritans who, rather homesick early in the seventeenth century for their English redbreasts, saw *turdus migratorius*, a thrush with a brick-red breast, and called it the robin. The *turdidae*, the true thrushes, actually do make an ornithological liaison between Britain and America, for we have five or six kinds of brown thrushes that closely resemble your stormcock and your throistle. These birds, such as the veery, the hermit thrush, and the wood thrush, possess some of the most affecting songs among North American birds, sad, profound, melodious tone poems. I do not know how they would compare in song with the nightingale, which I have never heard. Along Trumpington Street, Cambridge, where I am told nightingales sing, I was never, in almost a year's residence, lucky enough to hear one. Similarly, twenty miles outside of Paris I have been directed to a nightingale-charmed spot, only to be met by blank silence, though the bird had been singing just prior to my baleful arrival!

We have one other bird, common in the Atlantic States, that, like the catbird, which has latterly been found in Italy, is capable of many stirring notes—the brown thrasher, a gorgeous chocolate-brown bird, nearly a foot long, which despite being marked like a thrush and with all its long tail,

is really a wren ! The bird that is called the scoter by Europeans, which can be seen off our coasts in flocks of hundreds or even thousands each winter, is popularly known here as the coot. The real coot, exactly like your real coot, is meanwhile disporting himself, a veritable swimming chicken, with a great variety of notes—"cackles, groans, grunts, whistles, bleats"—in yonder marsh or pond and is rarely shot, except extra-legally.

Colloquial names, though hardly to be surpassed for expressiveness, are very liable to confuse the student of British and American birds. Thus, the bird that you call goosander is in America the sheldrake, a title also used of the red-breasted merganser, while that resplendent bird, half-duck, half-goose, to which you have affixed the name of sheldrake or sheld-duck and which I have seen only off Portofino in Italy, we do not have at all. The rarest of all the mergansers, with us as with you, is the smew, or white nun. Yet Audubon, in the year 1819 or 1821, claims that he shot a female of this species near New Orleans. Some people have berated Audubon, who was not remarkable for accuracy, for saying this. They claim that the white nun, whose range is from Greenland eastward, could never have been that far south. But how can one account for sea-birds from the Azores being wafted in the tail of hurricanes to inland points of the United States ! Let us not carp at Audubon for drawing the smew in one of his most beautiful plates, but for quite another reason.

It seems to me, as hinted above, that Audubon during his four or five visits to England missed a golden opportunity of comparing British with American birds. I know that he was chiefly engrossed in obtaining subscriptions and printers for his marvellous plates of American birds, for the success of which he owes a royal debt to England. In his own United States he had been a prophet without honour. Strange, then, that in the midst of much hard work and much lionization he appears to have shown for the study of British birds little of that initiative which he bestowed upon the study of American birds. A scientist should be international, all-appreciative. Audubon goes out to the country estate of William Roscoe, Esquire, near Liverpool and in a fit of Rousseauistic nostalgia writes sillily of the birds seen by a country pond. "No Snowy Heron, no Rose-coloured Ibis is ever seen there, wild and charming ; . . . while above hovers no vulture watching for

the spoils of the hunt, nor Eagle perched on dreary cypress in gloomy silence."

Audubon must have been an incredibly poor traveller. True, he was, when he wrote this, away from wife and children, but it seems to me just the wrong way to practise the art of comparing birds. Although he made some egregious mistakes and even inventions, such as making up out of whole cloth a bird—Cuvier's *regulus*<sup>1</sup>—which never existed (simply because he wished to be gracious to his friend, the Baron), he knew American birds as well if not better than most other ornithologists. But he lived in England as though he were blind to birds.

The science of ornithology has, nevertheless, since Audubon's day, come on apace. The bird lover to-day is intensely interested in the peculiarities of distribution. I would trade a good deal of my observations gleaned on field trips after American birds to know not only your chats and your warblers, the bearded tit, the wryneck, and the hoopoe, but also why we have none of them here. We have no ruffs; you have no vireos. Even our cuckoo, whose ugly voice results in his being termed a crow, a rain-crow, from his habit of always calling before a shower, has different habits from yours. He does not "up-stakes" and carry his unwanted egg to another's home, but actually manifests natural family affection! With us, your cuckoo's place is filled by the parasitic cowbird. Of course, if you in England would get your real thrill from painted sprites of the air, you must come to our Pacific coast where you can see two dozen sorts—we have only one kind here in the east—of hummingbirds. As for woodpeckers—a family which, with hawks and owls, is globe-wide—we have varieties galore. Wherefore these strange discrepancies?

Alas! these are secrets the answer to which we may never know. Only in whatever freakish distributions that may come in the future can we find satisfaction. Birds will move as much in response to influences of food and nesting-sites as to those of climate. Birds, therefore, having the means to ship around the world, will always fluctuate more erratically than any other creatures. Indeed, there seems to be only one rule for the progressive observer of birds. The rule is that he can never tell what bird he will next see or where he will find it.

JAMES W. LANE.

<sup>1</sup> The bird is a cross between the goldcrest and the ruby-crowned kinglet of the United States!

## THE NATIVITY PLAY IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND

THE study of medieval English drama is instructive on two counts : first, as throwing light upon the culture of a society much more deeply grounded in Christianity than our own ; and second, as showing the first stages in the development of a native English theatre. The Nativity play with which this inquiry is concerned cannot be considered in isolation but only in the light of a knowledge of the medieval religious drama as a whole.

At the beginning of the Christian era the Roman stage in its decadence had become so licentious that the Church held both it and the theatrical profession in abhorrence. With the official conversion of the Empire to the Faith in the early part of the fourth century, and especially after the death of Julian the Apostate in 363, the Church's ban became to a large extent effective, but by that time the Empire of the West had reached an advanced stage of decay. Upon the final collapse of the civil Government of Rome, the future of Christianity lay with those barbarous and semi-barbarous tribes which had entered upon the Imperial inheritance and among which the drama was held in contempt. The pagan theatre had reached its term : its actors became wandering entertainers, living an underworld life frowned upon by Church and State.

But the dramatic instinct is deeply implanted in human nature and has always exhibited itself in the expression of religion. The rising Christian culture of Western Europe was to prove no exception to the rule which is illustrated by classical Greece, China and India. Hence it was that the new drama, owing nothing to that of Rome, was to take its origin from the Church which had condemned the old. Nothing could have been more providential, even from the purely secular viewpoint ; for instead of being an imitative continuation of the threadbare classical drama, the theatre of Western Europe was obliged to make a fresh beginning in the one source of all literary vigour, the minds of the common people.

The germ of the European drama is to be sought in the Liturgy of the Church. The Holy Mass itself is the supreme example of sacred drama and all the services of the early

Church were strongly dramatic in form, but it was the Divine Office which became the forerunner of the secular theatre. In its antiphonal song, consisting of alternating versicles and responses entrusted to two choirs, there is to be seen the dramatic element of dialogue, which was extended between the ninth and eleventh centuries by the addition of new melodies (originally sung to vowel sounds alone, but later fitted with words) at the beginning, middle or end of the antiphons. The resulting new texts, the production of which was frequent until the end of the thirteenth century, were known as "tropes" and consisted of elaborations of the words of the Gradual and Introit. In the opinion of scholars the first stage in the development of the liturgical drama is to be found in the "Quem Quaeritis" trope belonging to the Introit of the Easter Mass, comprising the following lines sung by two choirs:

Quem quaeritis in sepulchro, o Christicolæ?  
 Jesum Nazarenum crucifixum, o cælicolæ.  
 Non est hic, surrexit sicut prædixerat.  
 Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit de sepulchro.

On this model were constructed similar Introit tropes for Christmas and the Ascension. In the former case, the opening line consisted of the words.

Quem quaeritis in præsepe, pastores, dicite?

From this beginning we may trace the evolution of the Nativity Play, remembering that the Passion Play which took its rise from the Easter trope passed through corresponding stages of development.

The next step was the transference of the trope from the Mass itself to the interval between the "Te Deum" with which Matins closes, and the beginning of Mass of Christmas. Gradually new lines were added, and when they were entrusted to clerics impersonating the angels and shepherds, instead of to two choirs, the result was true drama with its essential elements of dialogue and mimetic action. So arose the liturgical play known as "Officium Pastorum," in which the action centred upon the "Crib" which (long before the time of St. Francis of Assisi, who is often credited with its invention) was set up behind the altar, with an image of our Lady inside. On Christmas morning a choirboy dressed as an angel announced the birth of the Saviour from a high place in the church to five clerics, who, representing the shepherds, passed through the middle of the choir. As a number of choir-

boys in the gallery took up the triumphal "Gloria in excelsis Deo," the "shepherds" approached the Crib, chanting a hymn. Before the curtained Crib they were challenged by two priests representing midwives in the words :

Quem quæritis in præsepe, pastores, dicite?

Upon their replying :

Salvatorem Christum Dominum infantem, pannis involutum,  
secundum sermonem angelorum,

the "midwives" drew the curtain, showing the images of the Infant Jesus and His Mother and saying :

Adest hic parvulus cum Maria matre sua, de qua dudum,  
vaticinando, Isayas dixerat propheta : "Ecce virgo concipiet  
et pariet filium." Et nunc euntes dicite quia natus est.

Having adored with the hymn "Salve virgo singularis" the shepherds returned to the choir, chanting :

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Jam vere scimus Christum natum in  
terris ; de quo canite omnes, cum propheta dicentes.

The development of a true Nativity play took the form of a fusion of the "Office of the Shepherds" with liturgical scenes springing from tropes belonging to others of the Twelve Days of Christmas. The first of these was a very primitive drama known as the "Lamentation of Rachel" which must have been enacted upon Holy Innocents' Day, but far more important was another play known variously according to locality as "Tres Reges," "Magi," "Herodes" or "Stella," and concerned with the Visit of the Wise Men. In this Epiphany play the focus of dramatic action was the Star, a model of which, lit with candles, hung from the roof of the church. According to the simplest version (that of Limoges) the Magi advanced up the church, chanting, in the direction of the star ; arrived at the altar, they presented their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh while a choirboy announced the birth of our Lord. The Rouen version shows them converging on the altar from three different directions and then forming a procession to the Lady Altar while the choir sang passages descriptive of the journey to Jerusalem. Arrived at their destination, which represented Bethlehem, they were challenged by two clerics with the words :

Qui sunt hi qui, stella duce, nos adeuntes inaudita ferunt ?

to which they replied :

Nos sumus, quos cernitis, reges Tharsis et Arabum et Saba,  
dona ferentes Christo, regi nato, Domino, quem, stella deduce,  
adorare venimus.



Thereupon they were allowed to make their offerings, after which they feigned sleep, were warned by an angel of Herod's evil intentions, and returned by a side aisle to the choir where they remained during the Mass.

In later manuscripts we find the addition of further scenes such as the journey to Jerusalem, the interview with Herod, the announcement by Herod's scribes of the prophecies concerning the birthplace of the Messias, and the disclosure to Herod by a messenger of the escape of the Magi. This gradual lengthening of the Epiphany play was soon logically extended to embrace the distinct Christmas play of the Shepherds, and the Innocents' Day play of "Rachel," and we possess evidence of the various stages of this process in the texts of the Twelfth Day dramas of various places. With the emergence of a liturgical play having as its subject the whole Gospel story of the Birth and Infancy of our Saviour, the medieval Nativity Play in its purest form had reached full development, a consummation which may approximately be placed at the middle of the thirteenth century.

Before proceeding to discuss the secularization of the medieval religious drama, we must mention the existence of an entirely different Christmas play known as "Prophetae," which took its origin, not from the Liturgy, but from a dramatized version of a sermon ascribed to St. Augustine in which the Jewish Prophets, Virgil, Nabuchodonosor and the Erythraean Sibyl bear witness to the Messias. This play has no relation to the Nativity Play but stands at the head of a long line of development in the Corpus Christi cycles to which we must now turn our attention. It is not possible to name a universally accurate date for the secularization of the liturgical plays, but their transference from the church to the market-place was everywhere reached between the middle of the thirteenth and the middle of the fourteenth centuries, a transitional period when on account of the length and elaborate character then attained by the religious plays, as well as of the unseemly public behaviour which sometimes accompanied them, they left the church for the less-confined open-air stage.

It must be noted that the religious play in its final form as it was acted by the town guilds in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries differed in many respects from the liturgical plays as we have seen them at their stage of fullest development. During the intervening period there existed transitional types

of both the Christmas and the Easter dramas. Of the former, with which alone we are here concerned, Professor E. K. Chambers in that invaluable source of information, "*The Medieval Stage*," writes: "The form of Christmas play characteristic of the transition century, consists of a version of the 'Prophetæ' extended at the beginning by a dramatic treatment of the Fall, or extended at the end by the absorption of the 'Stella.' It so happens that we do not, during the period in question, find examples in which both extensions occur together. But this double amplification would only be the slightest step in advance, and may perhaps be taken for granted. The Rouen 'Mystère de l'Incarnation et la Nativité' of 1474 offers, at a much later date, precisely the missing type."

In order to appreciate the manner in which was evolved the Corpus Christi play with its numerous episodes narrating the entire scheme of Salvation from the Creation to the Last Judgment, it is merely necessary to add that during the same transitional period there was a parallel combination of the "Prophetæ" with the Easter liturgical play and a later fusing of the two lines of development which gave rise to a single play. From this time the Nativity play as a separate entity ceased to exist.

Besides the transference of the play from the church to the churchyard and hence to the streets of the town, two other changes in its presentation must be noted: its translation from Latin into English and the passing of the production from clerical into lay hands. In the absence of a secular drama the religious play had to serve the double purpose of instruction and entertainment, in consequence of which the changes mentioned must be seen as inevitable. By the time when the great cycles had attained their final form, there is no trace save for an occasional tag, of the Latin in which liturgical plays were written. Similarly, it became unfitting for clerics to act under the new conditions, and before long they were forbidden to play in the streets.

Fortunately for the cause of English drama, the transference of the performance of the plays into lay hands did not imply that they were consigned to the care of the strolling players who formed the sole theatrical profession of the age. Such people were doubtless occasionally employed, but the responsibility for the production and acting was in England assumed by the trade guilds. In the fourteenth and fifteenth

centuries, the heyday of this type of drama, most towns of any size presented an annual performance of a cycle of episodes, each of which was entrusted to an individual guild. Such performances commonly took place at Whitsuntide or Corpus Christi, the rigours of the English climate making Christmas, and even Easter, an unsuitable season. Hence the Nativity plays of the later Middle Ages are to be sought in the cyclic dramas produced in spring or summer.

Before reverting to an examination of these Nativity episodes, it is necessary to make brief reference to the cycles of which they formed part. Manuscript texts exist of the plays acted at York, Chester, Wakefield and Coventry. The number of episodes varied from place to place, but in the case of the last-named (of which the place of performance is uncertain) it was forty-two, ranging from the Creation to Doomsday and covering in scope the whole story of the Redemption. Records exist describing the manner in which the plays were produced. Before the day of performance, a public announcement (known as the "banns") was made in the town and surrounding district, usually by "vexillatores" (banner-bearers) who briefly described the argument of each episode. Early on the appointed day the first episode began. According to the late account of Archdeacon Rogers (1594), the Chester plays were acted in the following manner: "Every company had his pageant or part, a high scaffold with two rooms, a higher and a lower, upon four wheels. In the lower they apparelled themselves, and in the higher room they played, being all open on the top, that all beholders might hear and see them. . . . They began first at the abbey gates, and when the first pageant was played, it was wheeled to the high cross before the mayor, and so to every street. So every street had a pageant played before it at one time, till all the pageants for the day appointed were played."

The combination of instruction with entertainment resulted in the addition of scenes of broad humour, such as were provided by Noah's wife in the Chester play of the Deluge and by Mac the robber in the Wakefield shepherd's play. The advance in art is very noticeable: the writers of the plays began to pay serious attention both to characterization and to dramatic action; true comedy and tragedy appeared, albeit in rudimentary form, for the first time on the English stage. Naturally, these features are most in evidence in those parts of the plays which were added to the original Scriptural

stories, since the writers there fell back upon their own invention and observation.

Each of the town cycles had its Nativity episode or episodes. In the Corpus Christi play of York, according to an official list of 1415, the following scenes were acted: "XIV. Tylers: Mary, Joseph, a midwife, the child born lying in a manger betwixt an ox and an ass, and the angel speaking to the shepherds. XV. Chaundelers: The shepherds speaking by turns; the star in the east; an angel giving joy to the shepherds that a child was born. XVI. Goldsmithes, Orfeures: The three kings coming from the east, Herod asking them about the child Christ; with the son of Herod, two counsellors and a messenger. XVII. Gold-beters, Mone-makers: Mary with the child and the star above, and the three kings offering gifts." Similarly, the Wakefield cycle contained two plays of the shepherds and one of the Magi; the Chester cycle one of the Salutation and Nativity, by the Wrights, one of the shepherds feeding their flocks by night, by the Painters and Glaziers, one of the three kings, by the Vintners, and one of the oblation of the three kings, by the Mercers. Finally, in the "*Ludus Coventriae*" there are three such episodes, treating of the Nativity, the shepherds' offering and the Adoration of the Magi respectively.

Of the above-mentioned Nativity episodes, most famous is the Wakefield Second Shepherds' Play, because it is prefaced by what has been called the "first farce in the English language," in which Mac the sheep-stealer plays an amusing trick upon the three Bethlehem shepherds but is found out and suitably punished. Here we have a delightful example of that mingling of the Gospel story with simple humour, broad yet without offence, which is characteristic of medieval England. Returning to the sheepfold after dealing with Mac, the shepherds are greeted by an angel (above) singing the "*Gloria in excelsis*" and then saying:

Rise, hired-men, heynd, for now is he born  
That shall take from the fiend, that Adam had lorn:  
That warlock is sheynd, this night is he born.  
God is made your friend: now at this morn,  
He behests;  
To Bedlam go see,  
There lies that free  
In a crib full poorly,  
Betwixt two beasts.

As a final example we may take the Coventry Nativity play acted by the Company of Shearmen and Tailors, from a manuscript of 1468. Both in language and in dramatic form the Coventry plays are less archaic than those of York, Wakefield and Chester, and doubtless represent the final outcome of slow development. The Nativity episode, longer and more ambitious than its Wakefield and Chester counterparts, is prefaced by a prologue spoken by the prophet Isaiahs and opens with the Annunciation, after which Mary and Joseph set off for Bethlehem.

These Miracle Plays, as they were often termed in England, were at the zenith of their popularity in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But the drama, so essentially dependent upon the favour of audiences, has never been a static art and hence it is not surprising to find, accompanying the tremendous changes in society towards the end of the fifteenth century, the beginning of a new era in the history of the English stage. The place of the town-cycles was being taken by a new dramatic form, the Morality, in which the principal change from the earlier plays was that involved in the substitution of a particular for a general theme. No longer was the Redemption of Mankind the subject of the drama, but instead the struggle of the individual soul to achieve heaven. Supreme among the Moralities is the deathless "Everyman," but with this phase of English religious drama we are not here concerned. The Nativity Play of the later Middle Ages was part and parcel of the town-cycles which, despite their diminished popularity, continued to be acted in certain places until the Protestant Reformation, having destroyed the culture of which it was an expression, forced the entire religious drama of this country into a decline that by the end of the sixteenth century had become complete extinction.

R. A. E. COLSELL.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

## THE IMMORTALITY OF ROME

IT would be a pity, I think, to let the year 1938 completely pass without reference to a remarkable exhibition that was open during its first nine months and which the present writer was privileged to visit on a number of occasions. This was the *Mostra Augustea della Romanità*, inaugurated in Rome on September 23, 1937, to commemorate the bi-millenary of Augustus's birth, considered as having occurred on the same September date in 63 B.C., and designed, around the central figure of the first Emperor, to unroll the pageantry of Roman history and achievement. The exhibition was worthy of notice from several points of view, and not the least of these was its extreme efficiency of preparation and arrangement. In a recent article contributed to these pages Father Martindale deplored the lack of "showmanship" too often apparent at Catholic fairs, bazaars and the like, and insisted that one or two leading ideas ought to be in evidence to secure some unity and meaning. Otherwise we are left with an "omnium gatherum" of good works instead of the significant expression of an ideal or sustained effort. There was no question about the presence of a central idea in the Augustan Exhibition. It was Rome, Rome, Rome all the time but it was not just shrieked at you with noisy insistence: it was brought before you, first through a skilful historical introduction and then with evidence which grew more compelling as you passed from room to room. The effect was cumulative: whether you were scholar or not and however much the rust of time might have encrusted your historical knowledge, there was no escape. You were forced to realize that Rome "was not built in a day" and endured for centuries, you were made conscious of the power and endeavour proclaimed in the well-known Virgilian line:

Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem.

It was admirable propaganda, as far as method was concerned. But we were left, I suspect on purpose, with a certain vagueness as to the message this propaganda was intended to inculcate. Was it simply that of the glories of

Imperial Rome, of the spirit and achievement "del più grande Impero che sia mai stato"? Or were we meant to understand that the Empire culminated in the Christian Church and that the two notes of "Roman" and "Universal" were associated, even identified, throughout medieval Christendom? It is a fact that a large and well-documented section is devoted to the rise and development of Christianity. It is also a fact that little notice is taken of it after the fifth or sixth century A.D. The distinguished archaeologist, Mrs. Strong, in a recent article (*The Tablet*, November 5th) appears to incline towards such an interpretation. "The relation of Christianity to the Empire," she writes, "is no longer one of irreconcilable antagonism. Rather has the view gained ground that the growth of the Empire was a divine forecast of the Kingdom of Christ, visibly embodied in the Catholic Church of Rome." There remains a third possibility, obviously in the minds of the organizers but which their sound sense felt would be more effectively hinted at than ostentatiously proclaimed. This is the motif of the resurrection of the Roman Idea in the Fascist regime and the rebirth of the Impero in territory conquered overseas. Room XXVI, which followed immediately upon Room XXV, dedicated to the Church, bore the grandiose title: "Immortalità dell'Idea di Roma": a subtitle asserted that this was realized in "la Rinascita dell'Impero nell'Italia Fascista." It was studded with passages from the poets from Dante to D'Annunzio and with sentences from the Duce's utterances. Of the latter one proclaimed the fact that for the first time for fifteen centuries Italy had shown herself "Roman" in war and victory (the reference is to the Abyssinian campaign) and must now manifest the further "Roman" qualities of discipline and hard work in time of peace. A second introduced the words "Romanità" and "romanamente," apparently of quite recent coinage. Others re-echoed the inspiring exhortation at the entrance to the Mostra which the ardent Fascist will have felt to be the keynote of the whole exhibition: "Italiani, fate che le glorie del passato siano superate dalle glorie dell'avvenire."

Excellent propaganda, we have said: and all the more skilful in that the exact climax was left in doubt. Was it Augustus and the Imperial era he inaugurated? or the Church? or post-War Italy? Evidently you took your choice. The young Italian must have considered that the most important note was to be found in the modern epilogue: the non-Italian



Christian that Rome's chief glory lay in the crown set upon its history by the Church: while the non-Christian or post-Christian, with no particular sympathy with either Catholicism or Fascism, could still lose himself in the thought of a great human civilization. Perhaps we should not attempt to be more precise than the organizers have chosen to be. One thing, however, is obvious: whatever our final interpretation, we were meant to experience the greatness and majesty of the idea of Rome.

The note was struck even before you entered the building along the Via Nazionale which housed the Mostra. Adorning the main façade, in green lettering against the white background of stone walls, were six texts extolling this idea. They were in Italian from the Latin and in one case a Greek original: four were taken from pagan authors, Livy, Cicero, Pliny and Aelius Aristides, the remaining two from the Christians, Tertullian and St. Augustine. Livy's tribute is the most thorough. It is part of a supposed address of gratitude to the Roman consul made in 196 B.C. by the Corinthians, and it declares that there exists "a people which at its own cost and risk and with unrelenting efforts fights for the liberty of others": and this not merely in territories adjacent to its own but even overseas in order that "throughout the world no unjust government be suffered to remain and that everywhere law and right and justice may prevail in full security."<sup>1</sup> The passage from St. Augustine is more restrained. But, as it is taken from the *De Civitate Dei*, a work in which some hard things are said of Imperial Rome, it was not without its value in this context.<sup>2</sup>

Once you passed into the exhibition, its general plan was evident. Three large sections composed it, and very sensibly a different floor was allotted to each section.<sup>3</sup> The main floor, as you entered, was devoted to the history of the city. Here were memories of its legendary beginnings: the voyage of Aeneas from the fallen Troy, Romulus and Remus with their wolf foster-mother, early kings and struggles and, finally, the establishment of the Republic. Next the gradual expansion

<sup>1</sup> Livy, Bk. XXXIII, 33, 5.

<sup>2</sup> *De Civitate Dei*, V, 12.

<sup>3</sup> An excellent handbook of the Mostra Augustea was published by the Casa Editrice Colombo at Rome. It contains nearly nine hundred pages of explanation of the various exhibits, records many of the inscriptions and all the passages chosen for illustration. In addition there are close on two hundred illustrations printed together in an appendix. The book was an invaluable guide and remains an admirable and useful souvenir.

south and north in the peninsula, the contact established with both Greeks and Gauls, and the long-drawn, dramatic struggle with Carthage: the first clumsy sea victory, the dark days of Trasimene and Cannae, the final victory marred by the victors' ruthlessness: the steady and relentless growth of dominion through a century of civil strife to the new order, established by Julius and Augustus Cæsar. "If there be any people," writes Livy in the introduction to his history, "that has the right to deem its origins sacred and to attribute them to the Gods, it is surely the people of Rome."<sup>1</sup> This is another of the passages which met our eyes in these early rooms. But, as if to temper the rough edge of eloquence, another text from the same historian is set beside this, telling of the Roman realism, not infrequently encouraged by ideals but rarely swayed by rhetoric. "Not without reason," we are told, "have gods and men chosen this site for the foundation of the city: healthy hills; a river most convenient for the transport of produce from the interior and the arrival of merchandise by sea; the sea itself near enough to supply our wants but not so close as to expose us to sudden raids from an enemy fleet; a central position in Italy, especially created for the expansion of Rome."<sup>2</sup>

This rapid survey of pre-Imperial history soon brought us to the Augustan period to which many rooms were naturally dedicated. The Emperor's family appeared in copies of busts, reliefs and coins, Augustus slight in build, with calm, impassive expression, the profile not a little reminiscent of Napoleon. There was a model of his temple at Angora in Asia Minor, of immense interest because of the *Res Gestae Divi Augusti*, the account of his administration by himself and designed as part of his testament to the State, nowhere else extant in any integrity. The equipment and organization of army and navy with the "regimental" story of the more famous legions, models of ships of war and instruments of siege, civil administration and law and literature—all these were explained and represented. Illuminating and a vivid testimony to the far-flung dominion of the Empire in the early centuries of our era were copies and reconstructions, here of a watch-tower along the Danube, there of a fortress at Deutz opposite Cologne, and near-by of a lighthouse off Dover. The various temples and triumphal monuments, from

<sup>1</sup> Livy, *Introd.*, 6.

<sup>2</sup> Livy, *Bk. V*, 54, 4.

Tripoli to Adamclisi in Roumania, from Southern Spain to Thrace, from Gaul and Greece and Egypt emphasized this universal note. In the second section, which occupied the lower floor and was concerned with towns and trade and harbours, with bridges, roads, inns and travellers' requirements, with the temple, theatre and circus, with tombs and villas and gardens, there was a similar variety, the same sense of the width and permanence of the Imperial achievement. Charts of the Roman cities of Vienna, Buda, Cologne, Paris and London; milestones from highways which led to Arles, to Trèves, to Salzburg; the Pont du Gard from Provence, the Tarragona aqueduct and the market-place at Miletus; arches restored from Algerian Gemile or Egyptian Philae with the Porta Nera of Besançon; small-scale reproductions of the Colosseum, the Theatre of Marcellus and the Arena at Nîmes; a diorama of Hadrian's Villa under Tivoli's hill or of the monster palace of Diocletian at Spoleto on the Adriatic shore. Again and again was one made to sense the extent of the Roman sway, the steadiness with which ancient Rome conquered and consolidated.<sup>1</sup>

In this short description of the exhibition frequent use has been made of the words "copy," "model" and "reproduction." It was decided by those responsible for the Mostra, chief among whom was Professor Giulio Giglioli, that there would be little point in endeavouring to assemble original pieces. Loans from abroad might not have been accorded: and in any case it was impossible to represent the ruins that were still standing except by photographs or models of reconstruction. Even where statues, mosaics and coins were available without serious difficulty, they were not requisitioned or applied for. In every case a cast or copy was made of the original in museums, Italian or foreign, and in a number of private collections. The items for exhibition were selected not so much for their artistic or even archæological worth but because of a representative value, according as they showed the development of the Empire or some aspect of Roman life. The result has proved a happy one: not only

<sup>1</sup> It is impossible here to do more than refer to a few headings. The lighter human touches were in occasional evidence, for example, the menu inscribed on stone and reading as follows: "We have for supper chicken and fish, ham and peacock": or the dialogue recorded, apparently under a funeral relief, between a traveller and the innkeeper: "Let us square the account" . . . "You have to pay for a half litre of wine, a pound of bread and the extras" . . . "Good" . . . "Then sixpence for the servant" . . . "That's all right" . . . "And then fourpence for the mule's hay" . . . "Heavens, this mule will be the ruination of me."

was uniformity secured (the size of the copies could always be adapted to the available space) but the whole contents of the Mostra can and will be kept together to provide a permanent record of what we are learning to call "Romanità." The work of preparation was commenced in 1932, that is five years previous to the inauguration of the exhibition: needless to say, it was done scientifically and with thoroughness. No object was included merely on account of antiquity or size: everything was intended to represent, to illustrate some link or other in a long chain of progress. Between the separate pieces were maps, historical tables, inscriptions and photographs, and round many of the rooms were selected passages from the whole range of Latin and Italian literature such as the phrases from Livy to which reference has already been made. And so was the main idea driven home, hammer-wise, by blow after blow. The setting was not outrageously modern but for all that it had something of the hard, metallic quality of the newest furniture: square and glassy and relentless, it enjoyed none of the grace and curves of older things. This effect was heightened by the "staccato" lettering of the quotations set round the various rooms, frequently enough against a background of glass or metal.

A cursory description of the Mostra would not be complete without some account of the rooms on the third or upper floor. These were consecrated to the study of the actual manner of living of the Roman under Augustus and the Empire. Here the exhibits were on a smaller scale and the most suspicious critic could scarcely apply to them the word "tendentious." Six rooms were given to the subject of pagan religion with copies of altars, reliefs and dedications which told of the gradual penetration of Eastern mystery cults: what began with Vesta, Jupiter and the "Carmen Arvale" ended with Osiris, Cybele and Mithra. Schools and libraries (a school scene from Neumagen shows its few pupils apparently as unexcited by the prospect of learning as any modern boy); agriculture and craftsmanship; the shops of butcher, baker and candlestick-maker, the more fashionable "atelier" of jeweller or merchant of cosmetics, silverware and bronze, the trade-sign of oculist or chemist, the dentist's tools, the surgeon's instruments, public relief and largesse—all this appeared in imagery. You might learn how the Romans dressed, and what and how they ate (interesting to note that their breakfast was more substantial than that of

the modern southerner, definitely what the Germans term a "Gabelfrühstück"), or, should the fancy take you, the way in which Roman ladies arranged their hair. Under the sun, we have been reminded often enough, there is nothing new. If what the exhibition reveals as to Roman hairdressing be true, there were waves as pronounced and permanent in the Imperial age as any advertised to-day, and shades of hair colouring as fierce as anything provided by modern chemistry. In short, you would have found there a careful and fascinating reconstruction of a period with its smaller and more intimate human interests.

It is time to return to the large room devoted to the rise and spread of Christianity. In one corner stood a slender luminous cross and before the entrance was an oblong column, also illuminated, with the first fourteen verses of St. Luke's second chapter inscribed upon it in the form of a second cross. "And it came to pass that in those days there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled . . .", so commences the account of Christ's birth, and it was concluded, on this column at least, with the Angel's song of "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will." It was under the rule of the first Roman to be counted as Emperor, though he did not himself allow the title, that the old order began to yield place to the new: the days of Cæsar Augustus became those also of Jesus who is called Christ. The story of the growth of Christianity within the Empire, to which it was so alien in spirit; the gradual triumph of spirit over force, of the new Faith over power that was old and long in possession, the later preservation by and within the Church of much that was of value in the old order and tradition when that order had disintegrated after centuries of supremacy, the slow emergence through further centuries of assault and siege of what was termed Christendom and what was to be, in principle if rarely in full actuality, the era of Christian Faith and practice on earth—this is the most wonderful of human stories, the truest manner in which the idea of Rome has been immortalized. Rome is the Eternal City not for the reason that her world dominion endured so long, and not because one can wander to-day among the ruins of more than twenty centuries ago, but because it has come to be the city of Christ's earthly Vicar, because within it is the Rock divinely guaranteed to withstand both the attack of evil and the ravages of time.

How much of this idea, it might be asked, was reflected in the exhibition with which we have been dealing? Something was certainly there but by no means all. The same care which was in evidence in other portions had been taken in this section also to make what is shown representative of early Christian life and history. Peter's presence in Rome, the early "graffiti" linking his name with that of Paul, Catacomb frescoes and inscriptions with their witness to many doctrines of the Faith, the Constantinian Edict of toleration, the growth of Christian churches, with mosaics, lamps and sacred vessels—this was all there. The Church's record ended, however, with the sixth century, and the few links invoked for the continuance of the "Roman" idea were artists and poets like Dante, Petrarch, Raphael and Mantegna, with here and there a figure like Cola di Rienzo, rather than the great Pontiffs. When these were introduced, as in the case of Julius II and Sixtus V, it was predominantly in their character of patrons of art or archæology. The quotations ornamenting this section were few in number and offered but the slightest off-set to the steady conviction of the early Christians that the Roman power and civilization incarnated the spirit of the World, essentially foreign to and at variance with that of Christ. There was the line of St. Paulinus of Nola declaring that "the barbarians now learn to proclaim Christ with a Roman heart," and the more apposite thesis of St. Leo the Great that the Roman dominion was intended by Divine Providence to facilitate the preaching of the Gospel in a world united under one common rule. The material universality of the Empire appeared to them a fortunate condition for the spread of a universal Faith. *O Roma Felix*, fortunate Rome—but for what reason? The same St. Leo, and in that very sermon in which he refers to the Roman Empire as having expanded under Providence for the advantage of the Faith, insists that the city owes its glory not to its two original founders, Romulus and Remus (he does not forget to remind his hearers that the latter was murdered by the former), but to its two later fathers and founders in Christianity, Peter and Paul: it is they who transformed it from the "mistress of error" that it was, into the "handmaid of truth" which it has become: its peaceful conquests as the centre of the Christian realm are more illustrious than were its military successes: once held in strait bondage by the devil, it has now realized freedom in

the name of Christ.<sup>1</sup> Such was the thesis of St. Leo, not, as is occasionally suggested, that the Church would never have survived had the Pope not borrowed and hid himself in the mantle of the Cæsars but rather, and this most decidedly, that the heritage of the Cæsars would have largely perished had it not been sheltered under a cloak that was the Popes' very own. Thus it was the Church that placed a crown of immortality upon the brow of the Imperial city and, in a sense, of the Empire also, when both were failing, and falling heavily laden with the burden of their mortality. The Empire broke in the end before the advance of the "barbarians" who bowed their heads in turn to welcome the spiritual advance of the Church. Where Cæsar could plan no further conquests, could not even protect what he had won, there was a new defender, with the spirit not with the sword. Rome conquered once again but it was a Rome transformed, a Rome entirely new: it might even be called Augustan Rome, not from the first Imperial Cæsar but from the Child who was born "in those days" when "there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled."

A word should be added concerning what may be called the epilogue to the exhibition, namely, the room which strove to link the most recent Italian endeavour with the many centuries of ancient Rome. The purpose was obviously there. Among many pictures of Fascist activity two triumphal arches constructed since the War, the first at Bolzano in the Tyrol, the second from Libya, were associated with the Arch of Constantine and followed by the simple declaration: "The series has recommenced." A parallel was sought between the obelisk brought by Augustus to Rome to celebrate the submission of Egypt, a monument still standing in the Piazza del Popolo, and a new obelisk transferred to Rome from Axum and symbolic of the conquest of Abyssinia. To the Italian such associations may well bring encouragement and inspiration: though a non-Italian may sense danger in them and a touch of the unreal. But those who have known the Italians in their own country and learnt to appreciate their many attractive qualities and who are further grateful for much kindness there received, kindness that was the more appealing because of the charm and spontaneity with which it was unflinchingly accorded, cannot do less than wish them full

<sup>1</sup> "St. Leo the Great," Sermon lxxxii. The passages may be found in the Breviary lessons for the Second Nocturn of June the 29th.



success in their just and reasonable aspirations. More real that success will be and more genuinely "Roman," the more conscious they remain of what was proudly asserted in the Lateran Agreement, namely "the Catholic traditions of their people": for such is the spirit of immortal Rome.

JOHN MURRAY.

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### "THE MONTH" FORWARDING SCHEME

We take this opportunity first of wishing all members of the Forwarding Scheme—this includes, of course, "both those who give and those who take"—every blessing and happiness at Christmas and in the coming year. So many missionaries who are supplied with *THE MONTH* through the Forwarding Scheme are so kind as to send us their Christmas greetings, which are so greatly appreciated that they make us wish to send our own to each individually. However, now that their numbers have grown so much, the cost would be too great and so once again we must confine ourselves to the sending of our wishes through this page, and apply the money thus saved to supplying with *THE MONTH* a few more missionaries who have been all too long on our waiting list.

We had hoped to contribute to this December number an account of the most interesting missionary work which reaches us through our correspondence, but this has to be postponed to the January issue: since this appears about Christmas Day, the postponement will not be a departure from our tradition of writing about the missions at Christmas time.

A number of anonymous readers have lately been sending their *MONTHS* to us at this office. Will these kindly note that we cannot possibly undertake to send on these gifts, as maintaining the Scheme under the former arrangement forms "a whole-time job." If such benefactors will send a stamped addressed envelope to the Hon. Secretary, a missionary's name and address will most gladly be sent to them.

Readers who are willing to forward their "Month" to a missionary or to provide an annual subscription (14s.) for one to be sent direct to the more distant outposts are asked to communicate with The Hon. Secretary, "The Month" Forwarding Scheme, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Readers *must* enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and all names and addresses, whether of missionaries applying for "The Month," or readers providing it, *should be printed in capitals.*

**FOREIGN STAMPS**, particularly from British Colonies, are collected by the Secretary and sold for the work of the Forwarding Scheme. These should be cut off leaving roughly  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. margin. If edges or backs are damaged they are useless.

## A NEW INTERNATIONAL ORDER?

**A**S an offset to the fears and anxieties, both domestic and foreign, which were appeased for a time by the Munich Agreement of September 30th, there stood forth the declared intention of the spokesmen of the Great Powers concerned to continue and extend the process of negotiating peace by friendly discussion, until at length the menace of war should become remote and the necessity of competitive armament disappear. Once more, it seemed, the chance which was so unhappily missed by the war-wearied world in 1918 was unexpectedly and undeservedly offered again—the chance of regulating international affairs on a basis of common sense and good will, inspired by a recognition of the irrationality of war and its incapacity in the long run to benefit the human race as a whole. It was the same hopeful spirit—the prospect of finally abolishing war—that heartened the nations in 1914 to summon Beelzebub to cast out the devil—to purge by force the European soul from reliance upon power rather than on justice—only to find when the process was complete, seven, or more, other devils occupying the vacant premises. “We shall not sheathe the sword which we have not lightly drawn”—who does not remember Asquith’s sonorous phrases?—“until . . . the military domination of Prussia is fully and finally destroyed.” And for a time those ideals filled the public mind, and even the secular Press so felt their presence that, as we noted at the time,

the Press of every colour has united in upholding the purest Christian traditions—the sacredness of the plighted word, the sinfulness of godless ambition, the grandeur of liberty, the beauty of self-sacrifice and charity, the immorality of the war-ideal, the hatefulness of murder and cruelty, the need of patience and resignation, the duty and influence of combined prayer.<sup>1</sup>

But, alas! those Christian sentiments were not the fruit of a genuine practical Christianity and, long before the defeat of the foe, they had been displaced by the avarice, hatred and vindictiveness which made General Smuts describe the Ver-

<sup>1</sup> “Militarismus,” *THE MONTH*, October, 1914.

sailles of 1919 as "a place of disillusionment sometimes almost of despair, a seething cauldron of human passion and greed." With this painful and shameful experience to guide us shall we succeed in perpetuating the detestation of war which its seeming imminence evoked in the world's soul last September? Can the mere threat of war teach us what the experience of it failed to teach? Not, we fear, without much hard and accurate thinking, for the public mind is completely muddled, and above all not without that change of international outlook which people have come to describe, not very clearly, as "moral rearmament." The phrase is used in contrast to material rearmament which is the preoccupation of the hour, but its sense is surely "moral disarmament," the exorcizing from heart and will of the desires, passions and ambitions which foster the mentality of war. War is a conflict of desires and purposes, carried out on the physical plane because of a failure to reconcile them on the moral and intellectual. Disputes between rational beings should clearly be settled by reason; successful violence shows only which side is stronger, not which is right. But because of the presence of evil and injustice in the world, the divine law permits the employment of force to resist and overcome aggressive injustice. There must be punitive force behind law to make it effective. In God's own Providence the practice of virtue is encouraged and sanctioned by the appointment of penalties for its violation. A world where wickedness could reckon on (ultimate) impunity, wherein truth would not (ultimately) prevail, could not be the work of an All-wise and All-good Creator.

All the same, it would in a sense be more satisfactory, because making the condemnation of war and its horrors more absolute, if all killing of man by man were declared by God's law intrinsically evil—never permissible in any circumstances or for any end however good. That indeed is the view upheld by the pacifist heresy—one of the many varieties invented by those who are impatient with God's tolerance of evil in this fallen world and are always eager to eradicate the cockle however much the wheat is injured in the process. But the Christian can seek no such easy solution; he has to maintain, as an integral part of his creed, that God has endowed His human creation, taken individually or in the bulk, with the right of self-defence and that, while the individual may for good reason waive that right, as did the white-robed army of

martyrs, the collectivity or nation, entrusted with the protection of the rights of its members, must always defend its trust. So, whilst stressing the irrationality of war and the likelihood on occasion of its not securing the good at which it aims, we must insist on the national duty of self-defence involved in citizenship. The Church which interprets for us the moral law has always upheld the lawfulness of military service. She who declares that the properly instructed individual conscience—God's aboriginal Vicar, in Newman's phrase—is the subjective norm of morality,<sup>1</sup> can never be rightly invoked in support of a determination not to obey in any circumstances a summons by lawful authority to take up arms "in defence of King and Country."

But whilst thus safeguarding an important point of morality the Church would have her children foremost in endeavouring to achieve and spread that moral disarmament which aims at abolishing the spiritual as well as the political causes of war. At no time, during the past twenty years, which have seen the gradual disappearance from the public mind of those high Christian ideals to which our leaders appealed in 1914, has the Vicar of Christ forborne, *importune*, *opportune*, to keep before his children their Christian duty, to get rid of avarice, ambition, race-hatred and injustice of every description, which, expanded to a national scale, are the sources of international conflict. Pius X, whose death was hastened by the outbreak of war, Benedict XV, whose whole Pontificate was devoted to limiting its evil effects, and the present Holy Father, whose chief aim has been to establish the Peace of Christ, never ceased to counsel world-peace and to lay down the lines on which alone it can be achieved. If the Catholic flock have not practised the moral disarmament thus set before them that failure lies at their own door, not at the door of their Faith or its teachers.

Happily, there is time for them to amend and cast aside their apathy, under the stimulus, not now of their accredited teachers alone, but of men of good will outside the fold who in increasing numbers have come to realize that a renewal of Christian principles alone can save a civilization threatened with ruin by their neglect. Early in September, as a protest against the London Anti-God Congress, 178 Members of

<sup>1</sup> Which means, more simply, that to do what we are convinced is wrong is always sinful. But our conviction must be based on sure knowledge and sound reason.

Parliament of all parties issued a sort of declaration of faith which though necessarily "undenominational" did at least stress the duty of all God's children to live as brethren "in the spirit of Christ and the practice of truth and justice." This was followed by a letter to *The Times* (September 10th) signed by Earl Baldwin and a number of highly-placed statesmen and servicemen, testifying to the power of the Holy Spirit "to transcend conflicting political systems, to reconcile order and freedom, to rekindle true patriotism and unite all citizens in the service of the nation and all nations in the service of mankind." "Thy Will be done on earth," the letter ended, "is not only a prayer for guidance but a call to action." This was followed by other letters recognizing that the spiritual foundations of Western civilization have been undermined and that we must "recover our Christian heritage," that we must "fortify and exemplify by works our religious faith," and, above all, unite in prayer to God for knowledge of the obstacles to peace, and strength to remove them at the cost of whatever sacrifice. A more recent *Times* letter (October 31st) revealed the fact that the Anglican clergy of St. Michael, Chester Square, have been promoting for the past eighteen months a "League of Prayer for Peace" which already numbers 700,000 members, who undertake to make a short petition at noon every day for the spread of peace and the spirit of Christ.<sup>1</sup> Furthermore, from a Conference "representative of Christian Churches in England," there was issued at the end of October a "Message to the Nation," ascribing the evils which lately brought Europe to the brink of war to "manifold and widespread disobedience to the Will of God," and pointing out three ways in which Christian standards may be reasserted in the life of nations—1) the abolition of methods of violence in the settlement of disputes; 2) the gradual abolition of the present insane armament race; 3) the extension of active Christian charity towards the innumerable victims of injustice with whom Europe is filled. The ideals of the Prayer League, mentioned above, are consequently to be enlarged to include this aim, and it is to be called "The League of Prayer and Service." A *Times* leader of November 2nd thus endorses the "Message"—"the chief value of which lies in its insistence that religion must be a principal factor in human affairs and that both individual and

<sup>1</sup> Let us note the similar "Union of Prayer for Peace" founded by the Dominicans of Laxton, which is in course of becoming world-wide.

national life must suffer when the claims of God are set aside."

Although it is doubtless late in the day to discover these elementary Christian truths, which are so emphatically asserted by Christ Himself and His Apostles, and which lie at the very basis of the Christian life, one must needs be grateful that, in this age of religious decay, a sense of those "other-worldly" values which the world has so completely forgotten, should survive and that so many prominent men, at a time when, to quote yet another *Times* letter (November 3rd)—"Few professing Christians give much time to their religion, fewer still make it the standard by which they judge the actions of themselves and of their nation; fewest of all make the cause of Christianity in the world their chief purpose"—are found to realize that the hope of world-peace does not rest upon preponderant and ever-growing armaments, but on the observance in international dealings of the moral law, and on union in prayer with the Creator. Compared with the definite guidance, and the ready access to the means of grace provided by God's Church, the aspirations and recommendations of these earnest men seem somewhat general and nebulous. Teaching somewhat more direct and clear will probably be needed to overcome the manifold obstacles in the way of the restoration of sanity, justice and good will to the world's councils. Is there, then, we ask, enough strength in these tokens of spiritual revival, which the war-scare aroused amongst us, to enable the Premier to go on with his policy of appeasement, secure in the support of his country as a whole? Looking at the political deeds and sayings of the two months since September 30th, we are not a little doubtful whether those lofty spiritual emotions can be adequately canalized and conserved so as to overcome the difficulties, domestic and foreign, which the establishment of cordial and helpful relations with Germany and Italy must needs encounter. What is it, then, that chiefly impedes our good understanding with those Powers?

The most immediate obstacle seems to be our present endeavours to increase our air-power to such a level that any possible foe may shrink from attacking us. The natural and logical sequel to the agreement with Herr Hitler never again to go to war with Germany but to settle all disputes by amicable discussion, would have been a notification that we, pending a settlement of some definite ratio between us, have abandoned our attempt to attain equality in air-power with

that country. But who does not see that such a statement in the circumstances would have meant the downfall of the Government. The nation is not yet ready to give up "power-politics" and to elaborate a new International Order wherein the nations would leave their weapons outside the council-room and urge their interests without threats of violence. "There can be no true or fruitful policy of negotiations except as between equals," wrote *The Times* on October 18th, "and unhappily there is no final criterion of equality except that of armed strength backed by a united public opinion." But that surely is in the spirit of the *old* International Order, which we are trying to give up. Equality can be determined just as completely and much more cheaply by cutting down armaments. Germany has already made a gesture of friendship by acknowledging Britain's right, because of the defence of a world-wide Commonwealth, to a certain degree of naval supremacy, and Herr Hitler may reasonably expect the next move to come from us.

After all, it is only Germany we have in view in our present colossal increase of the Air Force. We are in no possible danger of air-invasion by France, Italy or Russia. Yet the old belief, fostered by militarists and war-traders, that our only security lies in supremacy in military force is still prevalent, and must needs make our zeal for the spread of peace somewhat suspect abroad. The two policies of peace and rearmament inevitably conflict, especially as the Air Force in modern circumstances savours rather of aggression than defence. Its chief weapon—the long-range bomber—is of absolutely no use unless it can reach the enemy's country: consequently there is noticeable in the Press under the influence of the military axiom—"Offence is the best defence," a gradual shifting of the burden of protection against bombing from anti-aircraft artillery to swift air-fighters, with the further inevitable suggestion that these latter should not wait at home but try to stop aggression at its source. The plea that we are arming only for defence is thus undermined; nay, a certain "Hands-Off Britain Air Defence League" goes so far as to print the following advice:

Why wait for a bomber to leave Berlin at 4 o'clock and wipe out London at 8? Create a new winged army of long-range British bombers to smash the foreign hornets in their nests.



Why not, indeed, except that a similar plan may just as blamelessly be adopted by the "foreign hornets" and thus the last vestiges of our peace-time security be destroyed? That arrogant mentality still persists amongst our Jingoos who are taking full advantage of the A.R.P. movement to develop their bellicose aims and desires, and *The Daily Mail* of to-day (November 15th) actually pleads for

a great host of up-to-date, high-speed, long-range bombers, ready to take off instantly to smash an enemy's aerodromes, factories, and other military targets, so that the deterrent dread of a terrible reprisal may save Britain from being attacked.

The dread of a terrible reprisal seems a precarious basis for security, for inevitably a determined foe may hope, and will assuredly try, to make his attack so sudden and effective that reprisals will be impossible. But our point here is to note how very probably our militarists will succeed in destroying beforehand the prospects of the Premier's peace-campaign. All this intensive concentration on material measures, ultimately aggressive in character, for attaining security, has the effect of pushing the "spiritual factors" of good will and mutual consideration wholly out of sight, for they are aimed at the one Power with whom friendship and mutual understanding are especially desirable and indeed essential, if we are to see peace in our time. Future discussions between the Big Four, who have the first and final say in any European settlement, will be woefully handicapped if they must wait until an undefinable equality in armed strength has been secured. The very endeavour proves that none of the parties is willing to change "power-politics," the present source of the world's unrest, for a more just and reasonable method of international intercourse. If only the discussions could *begin* by an agreement to abolish the bomber altogether, how the whole world would gasp with relief!

The activities, therefore, connected with the A.R.P., which have diverted public attention from the more fundamental peace measures inaugurated at Munich, form undoubtedly the first material difficulties in the path of the Prime Minister's peace-campaign. Even the spread and the permanent character of the purely passive anti-air raid defences suggest the impression that this particularly atrocious form of warfare has inevitably come to stay. Yet recollection of fairly re-

cent history should surely prevent such defeatism. As recently as May 21, 1935, Herr Hitler, in a famous Reichstag speech, appealed to the Powers to outlaw all weapons the use of which was contrary to the original Geneva Convention (1864), which condemned all forms of barbarity in war, including expressly in his plea the bombing aeroplane and the submarine. Herr Hitler, whose proposals would now be received with enthusiasm, then spoke in vain. The spirit of Versailles still poisoned the international atmosphere, and, although *The Times* expressed a hope that "the speech would be taken everywhere as a sincere and well-considered utterance, meaning precisely what it said," the die-hard *Morning Post* called for instant measures "to put ourselves on level terms" with the German Air Force, and the golden opportunity passed. In any endeavour to recall it the Premier will have the entire approval of all genuine Christians. Just as the locking up of private weapons is the preliminary of the establishment of law and order and security in a mining-camp emerging from initial anarchy, a measure of disarmament may be looked for as the first fruits of European appeasement. But their full blossoming needs more than the discarding of offensive armaments, and the question is whether there is enough practical Christianity left in post-War Europe to supply the moral inspiration for the reformation of international dealings, which reformation involves 1) a practical recognition of human brotherhood and solidarity, 2) a realization of the universal validity of the moral law expressed in the Decalogue, and 3) the abolition of the appeal to force, except as a last resort to vindicate justice. The answer to this question suggests that the task is beyond merely human powers.

Even before the defeat of Prussianism in 1918, there had dawned on the world for the first time in history the terrible phenomenon of formally-organized nation-wide rejection of God, when twenty-one years ago the Bolsheviks seized control of Soviet Russia, and made denial of God, religion and morality the basis of its Constitution. Although, in spite of much anti-Christian propaganda, hitherto half-civilized Mexico alone has done likewise, the Christian nations failed to react with due indignation against this anti-Christian policy. Soviet Russia, stained with the foulest crime a creature can commit, so far from being expelled from the comity of nations and deprived of all but the most necessary intercourse, was

in time admitted into the League and became the political ally of France. It found Christians eager to trade with it, and even won the support of the most deChristianized sections of humanity, the oppressed working classes, which hoped to profit by its war against Capitalism. And all this although, by means of the Communist International (Comintern) it was openly aiming at the destruction of civil society everywhere. Through its condonation of the Russian apostasy, the public mind of Europe has largely lost its sense of the value of Christian morality and is even less likely to respond to Christian principles, on which peace must be based, than it was before the War.

To what extent indifference to the Soviets' crimes against God and man has dulled the spiritual senses of the modern world was plainly to be seen in the widespread misunderstanding of the true significance of the persecution in Mexico in 1926 and in the prevalent inability or unwillingness to recognize the true issue in Spain to-day. There is no minister of whatever British party who has owned that the Christian religion is there at stake and that its foes are Russian-inspired Communists. The workers, with their prejudice for their own class, may be excused because of their crass ignorance, but the facts are accessible to those in authority and yet are constantly denied or misread. It is nothing to these non-Christians that the Spanish Republic proclaimed war against religion with its first breath in 1931 and conducted it with every circumstance of blasphemous barbarity in its intervals of power, until the persecuted Catholics found in General Franco a champion capable of defeating the atheist onslaught. Yet communist propaganda, because of the general decay of Christian beliefs, has found little difficulty in infecting the public mind both here and in the United States with the belief that the Spanish Reds are honest democrats trying to put down a Fascist rebellion! The fact that to their eternal shame some Basques and Catalan Catholics, for political reasons, took the side of the communists against religion, has given occasion to some Catholics also to proclaim an impossible neutrality or even to support the cause of Antichrist. That scandal persists, although a joint pastoral of the Spanish hierarchy, endorsed by the Catholic episcopate in every land,<sup>1</sup> has made the truth accessible to all. Thus owing to the influence of Red Russia

<sup>1</sup> See "El Mundo Catolico y la Casta colectiva del Episcopado Español," noticed in this issue.

the public mind in Europe and America has been for the time largely incapacitated from realizing what should be the Christian principles behind an international settlement.

Red Communism, being essentially a rebellion against God and the divine Order, is wholly Satanic in origin and spirit. Soviet Russia is therefore ruled out of any international agreement based upon the Christian tradition of morality. As long as the Soviets maintain in active being their "Godless International" which, as we have pointed out, aims at the overthrow not only of religion but of the existing social order, so long must they be definitely excluded from any international discussion whose members accept at least fundamentally the Christian principles of justice and morality. So evident is this that there was no thought of inviting them to the Munich conference, although their alliance both with France and Czechoslovakia gave them a presumptive right to be present. More clear-sighted than the democracies, and in this respect more faithful to the Christian tradition, the Totalitarian States have from the first outlawed a Government which itself has repudiated the moral law and thus put itself beyond the pale of decent intercourse. And regarding the Soviets as bent on destroying all established Governments, they rightly and naturally sprang to the aid of the Spanish Nationalists to resist the outrageous attempt to set up Soviets in Catholic Spain.

But—and this is another of the obstacles the European peacemaker must face—the better to repress Communism both Italy and Germany have created authoritarian regimes which have also in many respects overthrown the liberties which the tradition of Christianity established on the ruins of the old pagan autocracies. Especially in Nazi Germany the insane cult of race has set the State in the place of God, as the source of all rights and the object of worship. In Italy where the Catholic tradition is too strong to allow such foolishness, there are yet ominous signs that the Government will not hesitate on occasion to pursue supposed national interests in defiance of the Christian law. Has the emergence of these Absolute States which, being essentially a return to pre-Christian conceptions and a reversal of the law of progress, are of their own nature ephemeral, made the prospects of European settlement more favourable? The question is too large to examine now, but this much may be said that dictators, if they are at all reasonable, are easier to deal with

than the heads of democracies whose every move is subjected to a fire of criticism, some necessary and useful no doubt, but much inspired by prejudice, suspicion and malice. The advantages of a settled peace are so immediate and plain that very little good will and only a modicum of common sense are needed to perceive them, and the desire of peace is profound and universal, even in the dictatorships. We must pray, then, that the Premier's efforts at establishing the reign of law in Europe may not be impeded by human folly, either at home or abroad. The natural intrinsic difficulties of carrying through a Christian solution, which necessarily involves a reconstructed Society of Nations, on grounds of mere reason and self-interest and in the absence of genuine Christian convictions in most of the statesmen concerned, are already enormous, and are magnified by the active opposition of militarists, international financiers and all who profit by war. The opportunity of averting this portentous calamity, at least for this generation, has been unexpectedly granted us by Providence: immense is our responsibility in regard to this chance; terrible the offence of those who impede or disregard it.

JOSEPH KEATING.

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### *Our Lady's Lullaby*

COLD is the crib where I lay Thee to rest,  
Jesus, my Baby Love, Jesus, my own—  
So nestle awhile on Thy fond mother's breast  
Jesus, my Love and my own!  
Humbly I pillow Thee, gently I croon to Thee,  
Dark creep the shadows and chill is the night—  
I will sing songs of the stars and the moon to Thee,  
Nothing shall harm Thee and nothing affright!

Cold is the world Thou hast come to befriend—  
Jesus, my Baby Love, Jesus my own,  
Dark are the hours Thou art destined to spend  
Jesus, my Love and my own!  
Here in the stable are peace and content for Thee—  
Oxen breathe fragrantly, fragrant the hay—  
Joseph is eager to spend and be spent for Thee—  
Rest Thee, my Own, till the coming of day!

R. A. CARTER.

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# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### ROMAN VIGNETTES.

#### XIV

#### OUTSIDE THE WALLS

IT is true, I suppose, that the personality and memory of Peter in Rome tend to overshadow those of Paul. This is almost inevitable since the Holy Father is the successor of the former and speaks from the "cathedra Petri." A cynic might suggest that Paul's Basilica has been carefully removed from the city out of competition's way. It is situated at two kilometres' distance from the gate which bears the Saint's name, and its sole approach is by a dreary avenue flanked for the most part by sheds and warehouses with the hint of timber yards and railway sidings behind them. A visitor with very few days to spend in the eternal city might be pardoned for not visiting it unless he came upon an official pilgrimage. Just before you reach it, the new motor road, the Via del Mare, its stunted trees planted gaily along either side, branches off to the right towards Ostia and the sea.

It was a favourite pastime of certain heretics to chase what they imagined to be the shadow of a divergence, firstly between Christ and Paul, and later between Paul and Peter. For the German rationalists of the Ottocento the gloomy Paul it was who, legal-minded and sin-obsessed, imposed a rigid dogmatic framework upon the simple and ingenuous teaching (the true, primitive Christian Faith) of his divine Master. And not a few Protestants have taken courage from the thought that Paul once "withstood Peter to his face" and have cherished the idea that this was the most significant thing he ever did. He was, it was confidently asserted, the first Protestant: and his "withstanding and protesting" spirit slumbered till it was re-awakened by a Wyclif, Hus or Luther. The truth is, of course, far more simple and can be discovered in the early "graffiti" scratched by pilgrims on the catacomb walls under St. Sebastian's. "Petre et Paule orate pro nobis," "Petre et Paule" . . . the two names are linked inextricably together as the Church honours and feasts them together, especially in this city of their martyrdom, at the end of June. The cynic may well notice that Paul's Basilica is, as they term it, "fuori le mura," outside the walls. But so also is that of San Lorenzo near the Campo Santo as you go to Tivoli: so too is that of Peter on the Vatican hill.

St. Paul was beheaded, so tradition has it, outside of Rome, a few miles along the road to Ostia on the spot where stands to-day the Abbey of Tre Fontane. His body was buried "in praedio Lucinae," on the property of a Christian matron, Lucina, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the present church. As often happens, recent excavations have confirmed tradition and shown the existence of a burial ground near this site where both pagan and Christian tombs have been unearthed. Constantine, who was responsible for the first St. Peter's at Pope Sylvester's prompting, founded also a church in honour of St. Paul. But the Emperor whose name has remained associated with this Basilica was Theodosius who caused it to be constructed with the very form and dimensions that it has to-day. Honorius completed the work of Theodosius, and over the triumphal arch from which a very Byzantine head and shoulders of the Saviour look downwards may still be noted an inscription with this acknowledgment: *Teodosius cepit, perfecit Onorius aulam: doctoris mundi sacratam corpore Pauli.* (Theodosius instituted and Honorius completed this temple, consecrated by the body of Paul, the doctor of the world.) Dimensions and style may be roughly the same: but the church itself is not. Far from it: its history has been one of many vicissitudes. Nature and man have let loose destructive forces against its walls: Saracen and Imperial raiders have pillaged its treasures, and its fabric has been shaken by earthquake and gutted by flame. Finally, in 1823, practically the entire church was destroyed by fire, only the arches and transepts with their adjoining cloisters escaping ruin. Even later, when everything had been restored through the generosity of the Catholic world so that the present Basilica is very largely the world's gift to Rome, its enamelled windows were shattered by the explosion of a powder magazine in Monteverde across the river. Meanwhile, during the course of its chequered history two monasteries gathered round it in the seventh and eighth centuries which ultimately united to form the Benedictine Abbey that has had charge of it for the past thousand years. For self-protection the monks and inhabitants constructed ramparts and turrets and under Pope John VIII (872—882) the little colony became a "borgata" that took its name from the reigning pontiff and was known as Giovannopoli. Gradually it grew into a miniature feudal State with various territories in the surrounding country that owed allegiance and paid it tribute.

The first view of the Basilica, as you approach it from the Porta San Paolo, is singularly uninviting. The campanile which obtrudes from behind the northern façade is tedious and drab and meaningless: four-sided at its base, it supports an octagonal structure and is crowned with a stupid circular temple. In fact, as you descend from the tram which halts by the church to begin its return journey, and grinds and screeches with that acute fortissimo which is



the prerogative of Roman "tranvie," you might well feel that your visit has been a waste of valuable time. But do not lose heart. To see the beauties of Paul's church you require something of that patience that is necessary to understand its patron's epistles. In neither case is a first and superficial acquaintance encouraging. Mindful of this you go to the southern end and approach the large "quadriportico" in front of the main entrance. This is designed after the ancient Roman manner with an open space—here a garden enclosed within its colonnade—where in the Church's early centuries catechumens would assemble who might not yet penetrate into the building itself. Cool and spacious it is with its quiet green of turf and the dazzling white of marble pillars which surround it in double array: it is a pool of silence wherein you may rest, the world forgetting, before passing through one of the five massive doorways (normally four only are available, for the fifth is the Porta Santa, reserved for years of Jubilee) which lead within. Before you go inside, you will have noticed the bright mosaic colours that adorn the upper portion of the façade as it rises over the central nave. At the top Christ is enthroned with Peter at one side and Paul on the other—a hint that the latter bears no obvious grudge for the banishment of his church outside the walls: in the middle the Sacred Lamb reposes upon the hill of Paradise while eager sheep flock round its base to drink of the heavenly rivulets that tumble a'down it: below, set between the windows, are the majestic and somewhat threatening figures of the four major prophets of the Old Law.

The contrast between the sun-bathed portico and the dim light within the church is very striking. As frequently in the south, you must allow your eyes time to grow accustomed. It is not that half-veiled grey light of our northern minsters, shot through with gleaming points of the blue and red and gold of ancient glass: it is rather a subdued moonlight, filtering through windows of pale amber, a clear and withal soft and mysterious effulgence. It is reflected from the shining marble pavement which leads to the main altar, set surprisingly low under a wide-spanned arch, from the pillars by the central door, pillars of dappled alabaster whose delicate markings run like veins of snow or silver, and from the columns which separate the aisles, simple in their magnificence and seeming so many giant pine stems from an immemorial forest long turned to stone, their branches concealed aloft in roof and cornice. The main impression is one of splendour rigorously controlled, of riches that can seem severe rather than exuberant from the very breadth and majesty of their setting. Above the columns is a series of medallions representing the full complement of Popes from Peter to Pius XI, 260 of them in all, a reminder of the long record of the Church and also, if it please you, a further testimony of Paul to Peter. Over these are a number of fres-

coes by nineteenth-century artists with scenes from the Apostle's career, starting with his presence at Stephen's martyrdom and concluding with his own. The whole is overhung with the flat wooden ceiling, patterned and richly gilded, the arms of Pius IX, the Pontiff who consecrated the new Basilica, conspicuous in the centre.

St. Paul's tomb lies under the high altar in what, here as at St. Peter's, is known as the Confession. It is covered with a marble slab which carries a fourth-century inscription: *Paulo-Apostolo-Mart.* Above the altar, supported by its four slender pillars of porphyry, is the pleasing "ciborio" or monument created by Arnolfo di Cambio in 1285 when he came to Rome from his native Colle di Val d'Elsa. "*Hoc opus fecit Arnolfus cum suo socio Petro*"—the artist's sign manual—is there in evidence. Gilded capitals with inter-twirling leaves and tendrils from which emerges an occasional head of pagan god or goddess, three-lobed archlets with space sufficient above their curving for traditional bas reliefs of man's first fall, clusters of tiny columns with statues at the four corners—here Peter, erect and solemn, his right hand touching the symbolic keys grasped tightly in his left, there Paul in senatorial toga, hand closed on sword hilt and a stern glance in his eyes—a toneless stone colour within and on the outside that gayer Tuscan effect of white and black—all these details go to the making of an attractive early Gothic monument over the Apostle's altar and tomb, even if, as you first enter the church, it may appear small and insignificant.

The "ciborio" of course escaped the fire of 1823. So, at least in part, did the two large mosaics, the first over the triumphal arch above the altar, the second in the "semicircular" of the apse. What the fire damaged has been restored, not always with happy results. Over the arch the face of Christ looks downwards, Byzantine in conception, fierce almost and frightening as His hand is raised to bless with thumb and first finger joined in the Greek manner. Around the head, set in a nimbus penetrated by rays of golden light, are the four winged symbols of the evangelists, and below are twenty-four saints, their heads inclined hieratically inwards, who present their crowns of heavenly reward. The mosaic or its unrestored portion dates from the fourth or fifth century, and is associated with the name of a Roman lady, Galla Placidia, the sister of Pope Honorius. The second mosaic, that of the apse, is of the thirteenth century, its figures in red and blue prominent against gold and green. This time our Lord is enthroned with Peter, Andrew, Paul and Luke gathered round Him: underneath runs a frieze of standing saints to either side of a heavily jewelled cross. Once again Christ is portrayed giving His benediction in the Greek manner, for the mosaic is the work of Venetian craftsmen still under the influence of the East. The two mosaics add a

rich note of colour : as you advance up the Basilica, the second is visible under the first, and the two impressions blend.

But we must leave the transepts with their ornamented ceiling and varied chapels and, passing by the old cloister, go out once more on to the Ostian Way, with its many memories of St. Paul. Was this the road by which he first entered the Roman capital? Probably not, since he landed at Puteoli, a few miles from modern Naples, and would more naturally have travelled northwards along the Appian Way. But it was certainly the road along which he went to martyrdom, and because of his Basilica it will remain for ever associated with his name.

## XV

## THE AVENTINE

From time to time towards evening I have found myself on that seventh hill of Rome which stands most apart from the other six. This is the Aventine, the position of which has always been rather unique. It ranked as one of the city's seven hills but at first for reasons of defence rather than as an area of settlement. The earlier walls did not encompass it though it was well inside the later Imperial ramparts of Marcus Aurelius. Under the Empire the palaces of wealthier Senators straggled across its slopes now that the neighbouring Palatine had been practically abandoned to the Emperor's use. Southward was an uninterrupted view of the far Campagna and the girdle of its Alban mountains, in winter snow-crested or spangled with clusters of white terraced villas under the flash of the summer sun, and the fresh breeze from the sea appeared to stir its gardens long before it could force a cleansing way along the heavy, heat-laden thoroughfares within the town. When Rome dwindled and its palaces had been looted and razed, the region lay lonely and deserted, with a silent testimony to past grandeur in stumps of marble columns and stone fragments scattered among its overgrown paths.

To-day from its modern balustrade above the river there is a delightful prospect along that river's winding banks to where it curves in deference before the fortress of Sant'Angelo. Over the line of buildings rises the massive cupola of St. Peter's, grey and majestic in the luminous evening air, with now and then a touch of crimson relief as the setting sun flashes through or back from the windows under the swell of its topmost curve. Behind it the gentle green of Monte Mario and, to the left, the low ridge of the Gianicolo with the gleam of stuccoed yellow or the glint of tumbling water through its fringe of trees. Change your point of vantage and there you have before you the whole length of the Palatine with its red brick ruins, strangely transfigured in an amber radiance until the warmth seems of a sudden to fade away and leave behind a violet dusk.

The Aventine is still a region of quiet, for the traffic runs to either side of it, along the Tiber and then inwards to the Ostian Way or across the new embankment that flanks the Circus Maximus. One low-roofed green bus crawls occasionally in and out its twisting streets but silently or nearly so, as if it hesitated to disturb the prevailing peace. For even where modern houses have been constructed, gay enough with their colour-plastered walls—and that is over most of the hill—the atmosphere remains restful and serene as though the Corso's bustle were several leagues instead of a mere few hundred yards away. It is an area of retreat where old and new mingle without disharmony and where you feel that you should tread lightly and with unhurried step, conscious of the many memories that have gathered round the hill. The streets on the southern slope are very modern and are planted with slender Judas trees whose mauve blossom appears, they will tell you, before the opening of Holy Week and, like the kiss of the traitor whose name it has, heralds the approach of the Sacred Passion. But those same streets lead into wider spaces fronted with old churches which tradition associates with the earliest Apostles, or to the upper road between Sabina and Anselmo, along the high walls of Sant'Alessio, now a home for the blind, and the former priory of the Knights of Malta.

Sabina and Anselmo, that is the ancient church and Dominican priory of Santa Sabina and the new Benedictine monastery of Sant'Anselmo—together they represent what is old and new. The former, the first Lenten Station church where the procession is held on Ash Wednesday, was erected originally in honour of the martyred Roman widow Sabina by Peter, an Illyrian priest: renewed and reconstructed, it was handed over in 1218 to St. Dominic. Its many associations with the founder and saints of that Order, even to the orange tree planted by Dominic himself within the cloister, along with that happy combination of art and judgment which has resulted in the transformation of the church into its primitive Roman style, leaving a blend of simplicity with magnificence, make it a spot wherein to linger and to meditate. The Abbey of Sant'Anselmo which, regarded from below, appears to crown and dominate the hill, is a creation of Pope Leo XIII and has come to be the international college of the Benedictines. Its chapel is stately, its ritual dignified and solemn: its services are much frequented though, with their German gravity and measure, they must leave the Italian a trifle puzzled and possibly the tiniest bit homesick for the exuberance of his baroque.

Sabina is not the only Roman lady whose name is associated with early Christianity upon the Aventine. The Via di Santa Prisca leads us to an old and once neglected church which bears the same Saint's name. Like those of Clement and Pudenziana, the name of Prisca is dear to Roman tradition according to which

she was a young girl baptized here on the Aventine by no less a personage than St. Peter. The present church is reputed to stand upon the site of her family's house: and near to it was the supposed abode of two other converts of the Apostle, Aquila and Priscilla, who are mentioned in the Acts. The church is old and there is certainly some trace of older masonry beneath it. St. Peter was in Rome: and there were houses on the Aventine. The traditionalist may well exclaim: "So, why not *Prisca?*", the rationalist answers: "Not until I have further evidence." But they had better not argue it out within the hearing of a pious Roman of the old school: for these are his traditions. There were other Christian ladies, this time in the fourth century, who are said to have lived, and lived together, in what was very nearly a religious community upon this hill. They were the ladies whose names are familiar through their connexion with St. Jerome, some of whose letters were addressed to them. Marcella, Marcellina and even Paula herself were associated with a house on the Aventine where they led a self-chosen life of prayer and penance.

Were there time, you might penetrate further to an adjoining rise which, though quite separate from the Aventine, is occasionally given its name. At its summit is the attractive and ancient church of San Saba, once set amid orange groves, but now protected from the new buildings around it by the mere width of its courtyard. But evening is fast merging into night: you may hear the church bells ringing out the Ave Maria that betokens the closing of the day and will hasten to descend from this quiet hill into the well lit city. You may think as you go, of an inscription set round one of the halls of the Augustan Exhibition, and taken from a modern poet:

"O Roma, O Roma, in te sola  
 Nel cerchio delle tue sette cime. . .  
 Le discordi miriadi umane  
 Troveranno ancor l'ampia e sublime  
 Unità. Darai tu il novo pane  
 Dicendo la nova parola."

And turning over in your mind the early Christian associations of the Aventine you may think how in a sense quite different from that intended by the particular poet, these lines may be referred to them. For it was Peter with the other Apostles who brought the new bread of Christ that was the Eucharist, and spoke the Gospel which was and remains the new word.

J.M.

## ST. NINIAN.

## A Neglected Saint.

NINIAN, the son of a British chief, was born in Galloway and, according to tradition, in the year 362. During his childhood, in the years 367—368, the unconquered Picts in the North invaded Roman Britain and came within sight of London. The invaders were driven back into Caledonia by Theodosius the General, who then established the northern Province of Valentia which included Galloway. Thereafter Ninian was sent to Rome, and probably was taken there as a hostage for his tribe's good behaviour. In Ninian's time there were only two organized powers in Britain—the Romans (with the subdued Britons) south of the Wall, and the unsubdued Britons (Picts) north of the Wall. If some historian would write the early story of Britain, not from the viewpoint of the Romans but from that of the original inhabitants, we should not read about the inroads of Pictish savages on Roman Britain but of a brave people trying to recover their land from a foreign invader—the greatest military Power in the world. The last of the Roman Legions were withdrawn in 410.

From Rome Ninian went to Tours where he stayed with St. Martin in his missionary monastic settlement of Locotegiacum or Little White House, and thereafter returned to Scotland. His biographer Aelred, who wrote in the twelfth century and relied on earlier Lives of Ninian, states that he brought masons from Tours and built Candida Casa or White House, which the Anglo-Saxon translated Whitherne, whence the present name Isle of Whithorn in Wigtown, "which place, situated on the shore, while it runs far into the sea on the east, west, and south is closed in thereby. From the north only can it be approached by land . . . and, hearing of the death of St. Martin when building it, he dedicated it in his honour."<sup>1</sup> That fixes the date of the first stone church in Scotland as 397. This church has long since disappeared, but the bell of St. Ringan (Ninian) of very rough workmanship is in the Antiquarian Museum at Edinburgh. Ninian was consecrated bishop either by Pope Siricius or by St. Martin, and at Candida Casa he trained missionaries and created a mission that had its influence even on the patron saints of Ireland and of Wales.

The biographers of St. David tell of how when a child he was taken to see St. Paldy, then very old and blind, whose mission was in Wales but who once had worked with Ninian. They also say that David's father was warned in a dream to send on behalf of his son an offering of honey, fish, and the dressed carcass of a stag to "the Monastery of Manchan." Now Manchan was the

<sup>1</sup> Aelred's "Life of St. Ninian," quoted in Butler's "Lives of the Saints." New Edition 1934, Vol. IX, p. 207.

"Master" of Candida Casa in the early part of the sixth century, and afterwards David stayed for a time at Whithorn.

This last fact was not known to his biographers for the simple reason that they knew no Celtic. They knew that David had stayed at "Rosnant" but not knowing what the word meant they invented the story that this was an old name for David's own monastery at St. David's, Pembroke. They did not know that Nan was Ninian's Brittonic name, or that Rosnant was Celtic for Promontory of Ninian, and that such a word must mean a promontory of land into the sea or into a river. Moreover, they did not know of Ninian's school, for they speak of Whiteland instead of Whithorn and mistake Glasserton in Galloway for Glastonbury (Glaston) in Somerset. Yet in Ninian's school, at Candida Casa, were trained men such as Caranoc by whom Patrick the Saint of Ireland was baptized, and Finbar the Irishman who was one of the teachers of Columba.

To the time of the Reformation, Whithorn was the place of pilgrimages in honour of the first Apostle of Christianity in Scotland, and Mary Queen of Scots, to commemorate her safe landing at Roscoff in 1548, caused a chapel to be built and dedicated to St. Ninian. This makes it all the more astonishing that Scotsmen, Catholic and Protestant alike, should have allowed so much of the story of their first great missionary to be forgotten. In addition to Candida Casa Ninian founded forty churches or chapels, of which thirteen were in the North of Scotland. His feast, on September 16th, is kept by the Catholic Church in Scotland, and Candida Casa is the official name for the Diocese of Galloway, but as a nation we have failed to remember that Candida Casa was the source, directly or indirectly, of all the Celtic missionaries who spread the Faith in Scotland and who in time went across the sea into Gaul and beyond.

How comes it that in Scotland the name of Ninian is not only overshadowed but is almost totally eclipsed by the name of Columba, and why should a forgetfulness that is akin to oblivion have descended upon the first Apostle of Christianity in that Country? Sir Thomas Browne in his "Urne-Burial" says: "But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity." As regards St. Ninian, at least two factors have contributed towards this neglect. He was unfortunate in his biographer Aelred, whose book "contains a lot that is clearly untrustworthy,"<sup>1</sup> whereas Adamnan's "Life of Columba," written in the seventh century, is now a popular volume in Routledge's Universal Series. Many post-Reformation writers must also share the blame for Ninian's eclipse, inasmuch as they misread the following passage

<sup>1</sup> Butler's "Lives of the Saints," New Edition 1934, Vol. IX, p. 207.



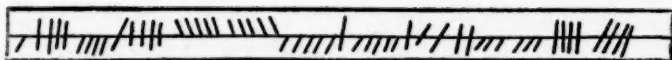
in Bede's Ecclesiastical History: "The Southern Picts received the true faith by the preaching of Bishop Ninias, a most reverend and holy man of the British Nation." This they took to mean that Ninian's influence was confined to the south of Scotland. Now the Venerable Bede (672—735 A.D.) was a trustworthy historian, but for geography he relied on Ptolemy's map of 150 A.D. in which Scotland is so misdrawn that it lies east and west instead of north and south. Therefore when Bede refers to Southern Picts he really means the eastern Picts who inhabited the present eastern coast of Scotland. Many a professor has come to grief at that particular hurdle, because the existence of Ninianic settlements along the east coast has been proved, and the range of Ninian's work, once disputed, is now confirmed by one of the achievements of modern research.

In south-western Shetland, in the parish of Dunrossness and about seven miles from Fitfull Head is a little peninsula called St. Ninian's Isle. Of this place the Rev. Mr. Brand wrote in 1701: "To the North-West of the Ness lies St. Ninian's Isle, very pleasant; wherein there is a Chappel and ane Altar in it whereon some superstitious People do burn Candles to this day. . . If, therefore, Celtic and Christian, we cannot suppose them to be earlier than the visit of the Celtic missionary Cormac, a contemporary of St. Columba, about the year 580 A.D., nor, unless a Christian remnant can have survived amid the exterminating paganism of the Norsemen, can they be assigned to a later date than the invasion of the latter in the year 872." Although the place was called St. Ninian's Isle, it never occurred to Mr. Brand that the chapel might date from Ninian's time. He probably regarded the name as dedicated just as the present church of St. Peter in Birmingham is dedicated to that Saint and does not date from apostolic times. Yet in the twelfth century Aelred had written of Ninian: "In the distant isles they offer thanks to the most merciful God who had revealed his Name, sending to them a preacher of truth—a lamp of Salvation."

Wind, rain, sand and waves demolished the little chapel, and when Mr. Gilbert Goudie visited the place in July, 1876, he found "stones and builtwork which suggested a building of great antiquity." A few weeks later he returned and found that the sea had washed bare a new stratum of graves. On one of these he found the fragment of a sandstone slab with Ogham characters, the oldest form of writing in the Celtic language. Mr. Goudie now realized that he had discovered the site of a pre-Scandinavian Christian church which, from the name of the place, was probably one of St. Ninian's foundations. The stone was removed to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, where it remains to this day, but the Edinburgh antiquaries flouted the suggestion that either the stone or the site was directly connected with

Ninian. Being a modest man Mr. Goudie, in deference to the opinions of those whom he thought to be more learned than himself, did not press his views.

Now comes the climax. During the present century a photograph of that stone inscription was sent to the Rev. Archibald B. Scott, D.D.<sup>1</sup> He was not told where the stone had been found, and was merely asked to decipher the Ogham writing. His reading was: "Establishment of the Community of Ninian the Baptizer." With a slight literal variation his translation has been approved by all Celtic scholars on the continent of Europe and in America. So interested was I in this history that I visited the National Museum in Edinburgh and made a tracing of the Ogham characters on the stone, which are here reproduced.



Much Catholic tradition survived as superstition among the Scottish Protestant fisherfolk long after the Reformation, and the fishermen of Dunrossness when in danger at sea used to make a vow to St. Ninian, and if spared they fulfilled it in the following way. By night they went secretly to the old churchyard, left their shoes and stockings at the gate, and walked three times round the ruins. They then threw a piece of silver through the window of the chapel and returned to the gate without looking back lest they should see the skeleton of the Saint acknowledging the offering by raising its hand and sometimes its skull above the window-ledge.

HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND.

<sup>1</sup> Author of "Rise and Relations of the Church of Scotland," and "The Pictish Nation."

Appropos of the above inspiring account of Scotland's neglected Saint, it is interesting to note that an appeal has recently been made by the Abbot of Prinknash, in the Catholic Press, for the preservation of the oldest post-Reformation church in Scotland, which, although in the Highlands, happens to be dedicated to St. Ninian, as if the persecuted Catholics of those days were anxious to keep alive the memory of their earliest Saint. The little church is situated at Tynet in Banffshire. The Abbot tells us that it is fast falling into decay, although it is still listed in the Catholic Directory, and he pleads for funds sufficient for its restoration.—[ED. NOTE.]

## II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- CATHOLIC GAZETTE: Nov., 1938. **Young Christian Workers**, by Rev. A. E. Bennett. [Good account of this most hopeful movement.]
- CATHOLIC HERALD: Nov. 18, 1938. **Church and War**, by Count de la Bédoyère. [An exposure of the fallacies of certain Catholic "pacifists."]
- CATHOLIC MEDICAL GUARDIAN: Oct., 1938. **Stigmatization**, by F. M. R. Walshe. [An analysis based on *Etudes Carmelitaines* to show that stigmatization is often counterfeited.]
- CATHOLIC TIMES: Nov. 18, 1938. **Faber and the London Oratory**, by Father James Bevan. [Describes the early days of one of the chief London churches.]
- CLERGY REVIEW: Nov., 1938. **Propaganda in History**, by A. Beck, A.A. [Discusses the new view of the Photian schism which absolves the Greek Patriarch (*v. THE MONTH* for May, 1938, p. 449).]
- DUBLIN REVIEW: Oct., 1938. **Pre-history and the Fall of Man**, by H. J. T. Johnson, Cong. Orat. [A warning to theologians to use the findings of science so as to establish the exact date and the physical status of the First Man.]
- EASTERN CHURCHES QUARTERLY: Oct., 1938. **Rome To-day and Reunion with the East**, by P. Dickinson, S.J. [A helpful summary of Reunion efforts and organizations on the part of the Church, and a careful exposition of the *status quæstionis*.]
- HOMILETIC REVIEW: Oct., 1938. **Can We Crush Commercialised Vice?**, by J. A. O'Brien, Ph.D. [Shows from records of wide experience that tolerance and regulation are wholly ineffective.]
- IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD: Nov., 1938. **The Liberal Catholic Church**, by Rev. T. Macnamara. [A succinct account of this blasphemous Theosophist sect which still survives its creators.]
- MODERN SCHOOLMAN: Nov., 1938. **Schiller's Attack on Formal Logic**, by J. Toohey, S.J. [A long-delayed but effective exposure of the Oxford Professor's fallacies.]
- REVUE D'HISTOIRE ECCLESIASTIQUE, Oct., 1938. **La Papauté et les Origines de la Croisade**, by A. Fliche. [Ascribes this departure from Christian tradition to the failure of the Western Emperor to assume his role as defender of Christendom.]
- SIGN: Nov., 1938. **The Technique of Confusion**, by Arnold Lunn. [Shows how egregiously American "Liberals" are taken in by the pretensions of Communism.]
- TABLET: Nov. 12, 1938. **Catholicism in Japan**. [A correspondent's hopeful account of the modern Church there.]: Nov. 19, 1938. **The Church in Nationalist Spain**. [A clear historical exposition of Spanish religion.]

# REVIEWS

## I—ORIENTALIA<sup>1</sup>

"**B**LESSED are the peacemakers . . ." If the recent turn of political events has given us cause to renew our gratitude to those who make these words a principle of life, Mr. Attwater deserves our thanks for repeating them to us once again as we contemplate, under his skilful guidance, the past history of the Church and the disunited state of Eastern Christianity to-day. For the dedication of the book, as well as an excellent chapter on reunion placed appropriately at the end declare, and the general tone of the work reveals the author's aim: he writes as an apostle of peace, not as a controversialist or disinterested student of religions. He sees war between religions as a far greater evil than any armed conflict, and passes on to us with his own, the age-long regret and desires of the Holy See in this connexion.

Not that his book is primarily a metaphysical or theological examination of the nature and effects of disunion of Faith. He has, indeed, some few words to say about it: but his main purpose is to outline the history, constitution and present state of the Dissident Eastern Churches, a necessary prelude to that apostolic action for reunion which it is the expressed desire of the present Pontiff to promote amongst the faithful in the West. Mr. Attwater offers his work as a book for the masses. Such a one was, indeed, urgently needed in English, because, since Fortescue wrote, the state of the Dissident Eastern Churches has changed very considerably; but Fortescue's writings had shown how greatly the interest of English-speaking Catholics grows when precise data about their separated brethren are put before them.

The present volume comprises three main parts which treat respectively of the Orthodox, Nestorian and Monophysite Churches in sub-sections answering to the twenty-six Patriarchates and Churches which they embrace collectively. The Russian Patriarchate receives more space than the others, its present unhappy state of division both within and without the U.S.S.R. being described and explained.

Each of the sub-sections is constructed on a clear and obvious plan; this makes the book easy for reference, if slightly too uniform. Both the purely historical and statistical parts, and the

<sup>1</sup> (1) *The Dissident Eastern Churches*. By Donald Attwater. London: Coldwell. Pp. xviii, 350. Price, 15s. (2) *The Eastern Branches of the Catholic Church. Six Studies on the Oriental Rites*. Introduction by Donald Attwater. London: Longmans. Pp. xii, 110. Price, 6s.

chapters on Orthodox belief, religion and monasticism are adorned with comments and safeguards calculated to dispel prejudice on either side, but the author does not attempt to exhort, except in the last chapter, that on reunion. However, the example of his delicate care to avoid anything that might offend the non-Catholic reader, or teach the Catholic reader to think less of him, and to go to the legitimate extreme in courtesy, though doctrine and difficult matters of discipline are frequently involved, is a sermon that will not be wasted. No doubt the results of the latest researches of Dr. Dvornik upon the origins of the Eastern Schism, which Mr. Attwater greeted with so cordial a welcome in a recent article in *The Tablet*, will give him the satisfaction of recasting his chapter on the Schism of the East in even more conciliatory terms.

His understanding of Eastern peoples is especially evident in what he says of the Russian Slav. The analysis of that wayward, visionary and lovable soul, contained in scattered pages of this book, should be studied by all beginners in this apostolate. The Slav of Russia follows not his head but his heart; and he will not love those whose hearts have not felt the unrhythm of his own. Sir Bernard Pares, in his "History of the Russian People," says that they take no account of reasons in choosing a policy, but only of the attraction of the person who sponsors it. Mr. Attwater, in his introduction, has forestalled any protest from the more logically-minded by a citation from St. Vincent de Paul: A man is not believed, he says, because he is clever, but because he is well liked and known to be good.

The style of the book is very clear, and the matter well defined with one exception in the chapter on the Church of Cyprus, where it is not made clear in the text at what period that Church separated from Rome. However, the date is given in the Chart of Dissident Churches appended. In the chapter on Rites of the Orthodox, when the "asteriskos" is described, the concept of "star" would seem to be wrongly associated with the four-limbed curved cross from the centre of which the star hangs, instead of with that ornament itself.

Some pages of certain chapters have been reprinted from the author's companion volume "The Catholic Eastern Churches," and to that same work we are referred for accounts of the various Liturgies. There is a good list of books at the end of most of the chapters. The twenty-five illustrated leaves are uniformly good. The main statistics contained in the text are summarized in an appended "Chart of the Dissident Churches." To complete the value of the book for reference, a glossary (extending to ten pages) of Eastern religious terms is added at the end.

The titles of the second book under review (there are two, a primary and secondary one) do not accurately indicate its contents. If they were exchanged, and the leading title read "Six Studies

on the Oriental Rites," there could be no complaint, because that is what the book is; at present the average reader might expect the essays to deal specifically with *Catholic Eastern Rites*, and in this he will be disappointed, for the first and last of the six articles could take their place with greater propriety in any treatise on non-Catholic Oriental Rites, and two others, the fifth, an excellent dissertation on Liturgy and Asceticism in the Eastern Church, and that on the Ethiopian Church have much less to do with Catholic than with non-Catholic Christianity. The frontispiece, too, is quite unconnected with the main title of the book. There is so much interest shown nowadays in our Eastern brethren, that attention has to be called to this confusion of otherwise excellent matter.

For the matter of the book is, indeed, very good, contributed as it is by some of the best authorities on the East, of whom the most illustrious is Cardinal Tisserant. Mar Iranios gives us a very clear history of the Syro-Malankara (Jacobite) Church, and the conversion of part of it to the Catholic Faith. The article on Eastern Canon Law, with its breadth and freedom, is most revealing, but one is impelled to ask for more. Father LaFarge's contribution on Liturgy and Asceticism, which Mr. Attwater in his introduction rightly calls "a most excellent article," is rich with important points in a setting of respect and understanding of our Dissident brethren—above all, of the Russian Orthodox—that should go a long way to dispel the long-nurtured suspicions still held by the Russians of the emigration and their Greek brethren.

The "List of Books, Periodicals and Pamphlets Introductory to a Study of the Eastern Rites" appended to the volume gives short reviews of a considerable number of works in the more widely known European languages.

In short, this collection of studies gives a good introduction to Oriental Christianity in general; but the reader who is in search of matter corresponding to its title will not be able to dispense with Fortescue's "The Uniate Eastern Churches" and Attwater's "The Catholic Eastern Churches."

J.H.R.

## 2—FIRST PROBLEMS IN PHILOSOPHY<sup>1</sup>

THIS American reprint of Dr. Coffey's works will be welcomed by all who knew and learnt to appreciate them in their original form. It is more than twenty years since they first appeared, but they still retain their right to a place in any philo-

<sup>1</sup> (1) *Science of Logic*. Vols. I. and II. By P. Coffey. London: Longmans. Pp. xi, 445; vii, 359. Price, 15s. n. each vol. (2) *Ontology*. By P. Coffey. London: Longmans. Pp. xii, 439. Price, 15s. n. (3) *Epistemology*. Vols. I. and II. By P. Coffey. London: Longmans. Pp. xiv, 374; viii, 376. Price, 15s. n. each vol.

sophical library. The very full reviews, which we issued soon after publication (*THE MONTH*, June, 1912, January, 1915, November, 1917), make detailed criticism unnecessary here. The praise, which was accorded to them then, is no less deserved to-day. They give an exhaustive, scientific account of the chief problems which the young student of philosophy has to face. Not only do they draw on the traditional riches of Scholasticism, but they also sift the truth from the error in modern philosophical systems. At the time of their first publication the volumes gave a fresh start to scholastic thought in English-speaking countries, and brought the discoveries of Catholic scholars abroad within the reach of those who might otherwise have failed to hear of them. Each work too, but more particularly the *Epistemology*, served the double purpose of bringing the writings of non-Catholic philosophers to the knowledge of the Catholic world, and of criticizing those writings from the scholastic standpoint.

But Catholic philosophy has made much progress since the War, and the absence of any revision of the text means that that advance has been left out of account. It must be admitted that new editions would have been preferable, but even as they stand, the volumes contain much that is still of value to-day. Fruitful analyses of permanent modes of thought abound, and acute criticisms of philosophical positions, which are as untenable to-day as ever they were, have not lost their force. There is no mention of Wittgenstein in Dr. Coffey's *Logic*, but contemporary logicians can still learn much from his treatment of Induction. The volumes which suffer most from the absence of any revision are those on *Epistemology*. In 1917 this science was still in its infancy. Brave attempts were being made by Cardinal Mercier and his followers to put fresh life into the Catholic account of knowledge, but the very urgency of the problems which they had to face prevented them from giving any final answer. They stood too near to their difficulties to be able to appraise them at their true worth. Scholastic epistemology can only now be said to be coming into its own, and even so, there is still much to be done. To realize how much progress has been made since the day when Dr. Coffey wrote, one has only to mention the names of a few Catholic philosophers who have worked at the theory of knowledge: Roland-Gosselin, Picard, Jolivet, de Tonquédec, Gilson, Naber, Nink, de Vries, Gredt, Zamboni. If Dr. Coffey had issued a new edition of his work, it is probable that most of the original matter would have been retained, but it would have been put in a different setting. The line of approach would have been altered. This criticism does not hold good of the volume on *Ontology*, which still remains the best account we have in English of scholastic metaphysical principles.



3—LITERATURE AND EDUCATION<sup>1</sup>

FATHER F. P. DONNELLY, well known in his own country as a Conservative in literary criticism and educational theory, is one of the ablest exponents of a certain set of doctrines and of a certain attitude to literature: a set of doctrines and an attitude which the reviewer (candidly unmasking from the start his respectful dissentience) believes to be, in some important particulars, mistaken. No one, indeed, would quarrel with the main contention of this book, understood as a bare assertion of the superiority of a truly humanistic education to either mere erudition or a training subordinated to proficiency in the positive sciences. But many who will subscribe to Father Donnelly's relative scale of values, and who will happily reprobate what he deplures, will differ from him in his positive view of the ideal.

Father Donnelly is concerned to reject, as an educational ideal, factual information in a multiplicity of subjects, and to stress the superiority of the aims and methods which he conceives to have been traditionally associated with a "literary" education. He believes that the continuous tradition of the west has recognized the essence and ideal of true education in the formal study of literary masterpieces, complemented by imitative exercises in style; but that a disastrous revolution was effected when Wolf, in 1777 "declared himself as belonging to a faculty of philology"; for then, while "the Classics achieved independence in the university," they "began to be taught as depositories of fact, instead of as objects of art for reproduction."

If Father Donnelly's description of education in the United States as "confined almost exclusively to trades, to professions, and to experimental sciences" is justified, his crusade may be necessary. In England, however, where for some years serious and often well-directed efforts have been made to determine the nature and relative importance of the aims and means of education, those who are interested in educational problems will find his fundamental thesis somewhat trite. With his contention in its most general form they will agree; but for them the value of such a book will depend on the view taken in it of the precise nature and value of literature, and of the precise and complex relation of literature to education and, ultimately, to life. But when these more determinate problems are touched on in this book (and more commonly they are ignored), the discussion is vitiated by a standpoint that is formalistic, academic and narrowly individualistic. The priority of literary form over matter, as well as their externality to each other, is taken as axiomatic. We are told that "literature is the expression of experience in language which adds

<sup>1</sup> *Literature, the Leading Educator*. By Father F. P. Donnelly, S.J. London: Longmans. Price, \$3.00. 1938.

beauty to truth" (p. vii; my italics); that "a poet deals mostly with pictures you can see" (p. 185). The Classics are to be taught "as objects of art for reproduction" (p. 120). The ideal of education is "style" or "eloquent expression" (p. 122).

This emphasis on "form" explains why "composition" and "reproduction" are almost exclusively stressed, and first-hand experience is correspondingly ignored or underrated. "The aim is art, the ability to speak and write"; but is it not, rather, the ability to think and feel? Surely the ideal of a literary, or any other, education is a "sensitive and flexible intelligence"; an emotional and spiritual maturity; the judgment to perceive values and the character to preserve them; the ability not merely to solve, but, almost more, to apprehend and state, the individual and social problems of the age. Plato, at least, would not have agreed with the "continuous tradition of the west" that "the end is composition." Plato knew that the aim of education is to produce statesmen; and the first duty of a statesman is to make explicit, in the light of an absolute justice, the maladjustments of his own time. Contemporary problems, moral, economic, political and international, are as relevant to education and to art as they are, say, to history.

Incidentally, the author seeks to establish his position by an argument (p. 125) which the acquaintance with fallacies he reveals in chapter xi should have led him to suspect: "Language is an art, and it should produce its kind . . . Chemistry produces chemists; physics physicists . . . Should not language develop linguists; and art artists? Literature is literary art, and its primary purpose and chief product [*sic*] and chief object should be to produce literary artists"; and the primary purpose of sermons, presumably, is to produce preachers.

In the last chapter the authority of "The Idea of a University" is invoked for the author's thesis. But it was fundamental for Newman that: "A great author is not one who merely has a *copia verborum* . . . and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it . . . He writes passionately because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich . . . When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse" (edit. 1873, pp. 291—2). Yet Father Donnelly can suggest that Virgil's studies in the *Iliad* were the chief factor in the production of the *Aeneid*; and can write, "Art should teach art" (p. 119), which is false whether it is understood as a statement about the cause or about the effect of art. It is, of course, true that study of form normally conditions artistic composition.

The truth is so obvious that no one can completely overlook it. And we find in this book occasional acknowledgments of the importance of experience as against expression, of sensibility as against rhetoric. But the difference between a book which assumes a formalistic and academic view of literature (connected with the view that the cultured man is equipped to "compose") and one which views literature as in some sense a "criticism of life," or a "function of life" (with the corollaries that art is related to the whole environment, and that the "cultured," or educated, man is equipped to live) will appear mainly in emphasis. And in this book the emphasis is almost invariably in the wrong place.

Some of the essays that are independent of the main theme are excellent. Chapter xi is a most interesting exposition of the theory of humour as a "fallacy without tears"; and chapter iii, on "The Secret of Homeric Simile," should re-kindle in many a rusty scholar "*veteris vestigia flammæ*."

A.A.S.

#### 4—CATHOLICISM AND MAN<sup>1</sup>

**I**N this work, important from many points of view, Father de Lubac has delved into the Church's treasure and brought forth old things and new. In him we have an eminent Patristic and Medieval scholar of the widest and most purposeful reading, who is at the same time keenly alive to the great currents of modern thought. This is shown by two characteristic features: the almost overwhelming mass of citations and references to Fathers, Scholastics and modern authors at the foot of almost every page, and the longer quotations at the end of the volume, where are translated some splendid extracts chosen from the whole range of Catholic literature (from Ignatius of Antioch to Juliana of Norwich and Cardinal Faulhaber). It is a work which cannot be adequately appraised at a first reading: one will want to come back to it again and again.

Its main theme, as is suggested by the sub-title, is the integral part which the solidarity in Christ not only of all the members of the Church, but also of mankind in general, holds in the life-thought of the Church. The first four chapters describe the Church's Faith and constitution, her inner life and her future hope, and show how, not just incidentally, but essentially, her outlook is social and not individualistic. In the second and longest part (chap. v—ix), the same characteristic is shown to belong to her view of the history of man, and of her own function within that

<sup>1</sup> *Catholicisme—les aspects sociaux du dogme*. By Henri de Lubac, S.J. Paris: Éditions du Cerf. Pp. xiv, 373. Price, 45.00 fr. 1938.

history. This is most interestingly demonstrated in her exegesis of the Scriptures: much Patristic interpretation, which we may be tempted to brush aside as absurdly antiquated, is here shown to be animated by a *Weltanschauung* which, for all its crudity perhaps in points of detail, is of the very marrow of Christianity. With this outlook, such questions as the Salvation of the Heathen and the Foreign Missions are seen in a new light.

But it is the politico-social problems that are brought into high relief and given their fully Christian and therefore Catholic solution in the last part (chap. x—xii). Paradoxically yet inevitably, that unity of mankind which every solution is seeking, is to be found, not primarily in external efforts to unite, but in what is deepest and most *incommunicable* in man: his personality. It is the destruction of this which foredooms all Communistic effort to ultimate failure and, even if it did not, would make the Communist paradise not worth having. On the other hand, the truly spiritual and deeply *interior* life is—because so alive to the realities of human nature—at the same time the most universal, the most truly charitable.

Here, and indeed throughout the work, the dogma of the Mystical Body is central. But the author shows his usual prudence and balance where he warns us of the dangers of "vague mysticism and amorphous speculations," with which enthusiasm is tempted to replace the solid theological basis which the doctrine needs (p. 251). While, however, the fruits of this doctrine are essentially in the supernatural transcendent order, "it would be a degradation of the ideal of unifying charity, if it led us to forget that the first thing to be done is to inaugurate—in the midst of an instability which forces us ever to start afresh—the rule of social *justice*" (p. 287 n. 1).

The volume is beautifully printed, save that the few Greek phrases in the notes are of too large a fount. One would also like a fairly full analytical index instead of the plain *Table des Matières*.

Catholics who read this book will recognize what a debt they owe to Father de Lubac for broadening and enriching their understanding of the Catholicism they live by, and all, whether Catholics or not, who have at heart the Christianizing of the social order, will wish to congratulate him for his courage and penetration in presenting in a new light the old truth that the effort to make the Cross of Christ *really* the centre of our souls is the only possible beginning to effective social action. "There is no other Name under heaven whereby we are to be saved" whether we consider the individual or the collectivity. This fact was and remains the primal basis of Christian civilization and yet how few act as if it were so. It stands at all events as the test of all schemes of social and political betterment. Accordingly we wish Père de Lubac's book a very wide circulation.

## SHORT NOTICES

### SCRIPTURE.

THE twentieth Congress of Orientalists, held at Brussels last September, proved a favourable occasion for getting some idea of the general drift of Old Testament studies. It is not unfitting, therefore, that Prof. Coppens, Professor of Scripture at the Catholic University of Louvain, who was a member of the organizing committee, should follow it up with a review of **L'Histoire Critique de l'Ancien Testament: ses origines: ses orientations nouvelles: ses perspectives d'avenir** (Casterman: 12.00 fr.), reprinting three articles from the *Nouvelle Revue Théologique*, the very competent theological monthly published by the Belgian Fathers of the Society. The book does not run to more than 140 pages, but is based on wide reading, and should prove useful to all Old Testament scholars, especially to Catholics. In his review of the past he is covering familiar ground, but with sure and skilful steps; the main interest throughout most of the book is, naturally, Wellhausen and his theory. As regards the present he shows how the Wellhausen position has been considerably weakened, both upon its literary and its historical side; as far as the religious history of Israel is concerned, indeed, it has been shown by comparison with other Semitic religions, and most of all with the religious practices recently brought to light at Ras Shamra, to be assigning far too late a period to the chief features of Hebrew religion. The future of Old Testament studies must be reckoned uncertain, but Prof. Coppens evidently nourishes good hopes that progress will be made in a more conservative and Catholic direction. Towards the end of the book he considers the practical prospects in Catholic seminaries and universities, and evidently hopes for a rather less rigid system of control, now that *l'exégèse a été délivrée de l'angoisse que l'état de siège, subi lors de la crise moderniste, lui avait inspirée* (p. 120).

### CATECHETICAL

A new edition of Mgr. Millot's **Histoires pour l'Explication du Catéchisme** (Téqui: 12.00 fr.) is evidence enough of its popularity. It contains, literally, hundreds of short anecdotes and stories, illustrating, in sixty-five lessons, the Creed, the Commandments and the Sacraments.

### PHILOSOPHICAL.

It is hard to find any systematic treatment of the philosophy of religion in English by a Catholic writer, and, therefore, the **Philosophie de la Religion**, by P. Ortegat, S.J. (Desclée: 45.00 fr.), is the more worthy of notice. His book is not an analysis of the Five Ways *plus* a certain amount of discussion of man's need of a re-

ligion, but a systematic and historical examination of the conditions requisite for the *natural* union of man with God. The chronological order is not followed in the treatment of philosophers since Kant, but history is subordinated to metaphysics; thus Spencer and the Sociological school are dealt with in the preliminary discussion on method (wherein it is decided that the phenomena of worship do not belong to medicine or to pathological psychology, but require critical analysis), while Kant and Hegel are considered later when the scope of the intellect is being discussed. Intellect and will, person and society, all these are examined in turn as means to union with God, and the general treatment reminds us of the great work of Père Maréchal. The author shows acquaintance with the earlier works of M. Blondel, whom he regards as painstaking rather than brilliant, but does not seem to have used "*La Pensée*" or the later works, though their ground is his too. In the construction of the argument there is much to be praised, and the author has a considerable gift of illustration. Some obscurity attaches, however, to the "virtual intuition of its term, Being" which he allows to the intellect on the natural level (pp. 109—110, 120 n.l., 182, 326, n.l.), and the obscurity seems to be connected with the comparative neglect of the Analogy of Being, *e.g.*, in contrast to the recent work of Father Przywara. The language of Dynamism and Natural Desire might become more forcible if supported by the sobrieties of the theory of Analogy, but to ask for this is to ask the author to write a second volume, a "*Metaontik*," as companion to his "*Metanoetik*." After all, the relation of the creature to God is asymmetrical, or non-mutual, yet the theories built up on the natural desire of God are almost bound of their very nature to leave this fact out of consideration. The metaphysical proof of free will that is given (p. 258) in the form used by Père Sertillanges, has the time-honoured disadvantage of making freedom depend upon ignorance, and the subsequent attribution (p. 265) of the excellence of religion to the existence of freedom thereby becomes of doubtful value. Along with this metaphysical argument is given (p. 257) a proof that there can be no valid argument from introspection to establish freedom. But if the distinction of act and content is true for the will as it is for the intellect, it does not appear that the act of choice, even though experienced, need ever be called necessary. It must not be thought from this criticism that the book is not worthy of commendation; on the contrary it is a most valuable contribution to Catholic philosophy, and a heartening sign that this particular province of philosophy is not for the future to be abandoned to those who think and claim that their private system of metaphysics transcends revealed religion.

With the French passion for order and system M. Gustave Combès, in *Le retour offensif du paganisme* (Lethielleux: 30.00 fr.), analyses all the chief theories which have influenced France in

the direction of paganism since Calvin's day. Various rationalist doctrines are paralleled by naturalism in the moral order. The political order has seen the secularization of the State and its advance to the totalitarian position, with the serious invasion of Marxism in the social and economic spheres. Much of this section of the book is scrappy and academic. The later chapters dealing with Freemasonry in France, the Ligue des Droits de l'Homme, and the revolutionary trade unions contain some interesting detail for those who are not specialists in modern French history and politics, and the same can be said for the final chapter on the work and the training of the shock troopers of the Godless.

#### DEVOTIONAL.

There is distinct originality in the work, *Au Dieu Inconnu*, by Victor Dillard, S.J., published by Beauchesne. In the form of a long colloquy with the Holy Ghost the author deals with the various references to His work in the Gospels, their significance and the theology that lies behind them; and also with the relation between Him and the souls of men. This last section enables the writer to comment on the problems that confront the individual at the present time; he speaks to the Holy Spirit about them, and looks to Him for their solution. Readers of Father Lippert's *A Modern Job* will find in this book a similar mentality, perhaps a little more confident and trustful.

A little book for married women, *La Sainteté de la Femme* (Éditions de l'Orante: 9.00 fr.), by Père Paul Donceur, S.J., contains four conferences, pointing out the beauty of a mother's vocation, in contrast with the other "occupations" that have their present-day advocates: the true kingdom of the home, with its far-reaching influence, is shown in contrast with the futility of much that is offered in its place; the sanctity that is contained in the love of a wife and mother, in opposition to the profanation of love to which all substitutes lead. Finally, the eloquent author concludes with a noble word of praise for the life of sacrifice, the true sanctity, which crowns the dignity of wife and mother.

Father LeBuffe, S.J., continues his good work of presenting the "unsearchable riches of Christ" to the devout public in a number of little booklets bearing the general title *My Changeless Friend* (Apostleship of Prayer, N.Y.: 30 cents), of which the twenty-third has just reached us. They are meditations on different aspects of our Lord's character admirably suited for daily use.

A charming little book for children has reached us called *The Rosary* (B.O. & W.: 2s. 6d.) and it will fill a long-felt need. The Mysteries are explained by an old grannie to her grandchildren in a wholly delightful way which should sow seeds of deep devotion to our Blessed Mother in the hearts of the little ones. The translation, by Mary Russell, cannot be too highly praised; it combines an exact rendering of the sense without a slavish literalism. This



little book would make an ideal Christmas present for any child. The line illustrations by Miss de Sousa add greatly to its attractiveness.

The Sorrows of our Lady are a perennial fount of devotion in the Catholic Church and are constantly commemorated in her liturgy. Father Faber's masterpiece *At the Foot of the Cross* has for long been a classic in the eyes of English Catholic readers, and that is only one of innumerable similar treatises. Nevertheless, **Our Lady of Sorrows**, by Charles Journet (Sheed & Ward: 2s. 6d. n.), translated by F. J. Sheed, is not superfluous, for it presents, in short compass, an admirable analysis of those episodes in our Lady's life figured by the seven swords piercing her heart. Not that it is always quite accurate, as, for instance, when the third Sorrow is represented as the result of our Lord's quasi-reproof of His parents, whereas it consisted in the bitter sense of loss which preceded the Finding.

#### NON-CATHOLIC.

The Clarendon Bible, published at the Clarendon Press, is intended for a wide range of readers—Protestant clergy, teachers and layfolk, and also sixth forms and training colleges. What is called the School Clarendon Bible is intended for middle forms and the School Certificate examination. Miss Rattey's **Saint Matthew** is the fourth volume of this series; they are published at 2s. 6d. each, a marvel of cheapness, if one considers the excellence of the print and paper and general get-up, to say nothing of photographs and a couple of useful maps. First of all comes a summary introduction, then the text, and, finally, a rather full commentary. Miss Rattey is well known as a competent Anglican scholar and teacher; she is familiar with her subject, and is a good judge of the pupils' needs. If her views do not always come up to Catholic requirements, as for example, in regard of St. Matthew's supposed sources, we must try (in the hackneyed phrase) to take a dynamic rather than a static view in these matters; if we take account of the state of the question outside, we shall realize that she has tried to be constructive, and that the book is likely to prove, in the main, a force on the right side.

#### HISTORICAL.

The return of the Dominicans to Cambridge this year gives occasion for an historical brochure, **The Cambridge Dominicans**, by Father Walter Gumbley, O.P. (Blackfriars, Oxford: 1s.). Father Gumbley gathers together all that is known of the Cambridge house and the friars connected with it. His work, which is strictly documentary without comment, should form a useful basis for a future historian.

Our ideas of the nineteenth century are undergoing a thorough change. It was, above all, a century of optimism: it proclaimed itself an era of liberty, especially of political and economic liberty,

and of a liberty which should lead to a nobler world. We now realize that its doctrines and its practice were leading us to tragedy. We know, too, that its failure was primarily a moral one. Its real scientific and its alleged political progress were divorced from religion, and from the moral law, and therein lay the seeds of the disasters of our own times. It is natural, therefore, to ask what effort the Catholic Church made to prevent this tragedy, and this is the question which Father Raymond Corrigan, S.J., sets himself to answer in **The Church and the Nineteenth Century** (Coldwell: 15s.), and admirably he carries out the task. We see in his pages, briefly and clearly, but none the less adequately described, the papal condemnation of the aggressive materialism of the age, and the efforts made to bring the world away from it and back to the guidance of religion. The account of the *Kulturkampf* is perhaps the best feature of the book, and, coming at this moment, it is particularly apposite. The later aggressiveness of secularism in France is also ably described, and also the events in Italy which led to the Roman question. Some idea, too, is given of the vigour of the Church, as expressed in its missionary enterprise, and in the great encyclicals of Leo XIII with which the century concluded. It is a pity that a book, otherwise excellent, should be marred by such "loose" phrases as "hangovers from earlier centuries," "Characteristic 'isms'," and "general letdown of morals."

#### LITERARY.

Written in varied metres of free verse, **Father Damien**, by Edward Snelson (Longmans: 3s. 6d.), is a play on the vivid theme of the Apostle of Molokai. Its lines are those of Greek tragedy, there is a chorus of Women Lepers and the characters employ monologue and line for line conversation after the Greek manner. In the first act the chief characters are brought together on their voyage to Molokai—a leper princess, a leper mother travelling against her will, Father Damien and the members of the chorus. The second act vividly describes life on the island, and powerful use is made of antithesis. Edward Clifford enters in the third act and here the playwright is able to express Damien's mind in his own words. The play ends with the moving scene of the hero's death. One has the feeling that, as a play, it is hampered by the metric form in which it is composed: the chorus especially would appear to need some kind of musical accompaniment.

The first series of **Essais et Portraits** (Cité Chrétienne, Brussels) includes Maurice Barrès and Jacques Rivière. *Le Moi de Monsieur Barrès*, by Paul Pochet, is a penetrating analysis of Barrès's philosophical and religious development from Comtism in 1880 to the verge of Catholicism in 1923. His individualism and nationalism are the aspects most closely studied. The intense ardour of his patriotism did not prevent him from seeing that nationalism was essentially a finite thing and could not satisfy man's instinctive craving for the infinite. The book calls for—and repays—atten-

tive reading, and supposes familiarity with the works of Barrès. *La Pensée de Jacques Rivière*, by Adrien Jans, is easier reading, but is no less penetrating. The defects of Rivière's theodicy are rightly attributed to his unawareness that our knowledge of God is analogical. The account of his friendship with Alain Fournier and his indebtedness to Gide and Claudel, with the sections on the novelist, the essayist, the literary and art critic in Rivière, make pleasant reading, but his spiritual and religious growth, as a prisoner of war and after, is even more interesting. Further studies in this series are announced on Chesterton, Kipling, Péguy and Dostoievsky.

## FICTION.

In **Dark Pathway** (Cassell: 7s. 6d. n.) Mr. Douglas Newton has written a "period" novel and achieved a striking success in this difficult genre. The period is the early eighteenth century and the scene is laid mainly in south Sussex before the iron-smelting trade was destroyed by the discovery of coal. The main theme is the struggle between a dissolute member of the landed aristocracy and a hard working family of smelters, who finally made money enough to buy out the roué and establish their family in his place. The deep knowledge shown of the trade practices and social habits of the time is diversified by an episodic account of a slaving expedition in which one of the smelters unwillingly took part. Herein again the knowledge displayed is vivid and minute, making the story a valuable record of man's inhumanity. A modern descendant of the slaver who had made his fortune in the States ultimately purchases the disputed property, and thus rounds off a powerful narrative which is an enthralling and picturesque account of times and manners happily gone for ever.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the "Centro de informacion catolica internacional" of Burgos comes a very interesting piece of documentation in **El mundo catolico y la carta colectiva del episcopado español** (Ediciones Rayfe, Burgos: 6 pesetas). It deals with the causes of the letter of the Spanish Hierarchy on conditions in Spain and with the replies which it called forth. Many letters from bishops in other countries which show their sympathy with the affliction of the Spanish Church, are printed in full at the end of this book. For the rest the author has some valuable criticism of the controversies which followed the Bishop's letter. The "reply" by "a group of Spanish priests" is placed in its proper light. Certain writers who condemned Catholic Spain from the columns of French Catholic newspapers have their lack of credentials examined. Such solid information is useful for the defenders of Nationalist Spain in this and other countries. The tragedy is that we do not receive enough of it. So many in Nationalist Spain do not realize that nowadays it is not sufficient for them merely to be in the right. For to the making of calumnies there is no end; yet all these calumnies have

to be met. Has his Lordship of Pamplona ever heard that he is said to have granted an indulgence for the killing of Marxists? The calumny is absurd yet current. To the ignorant who believe it, one has to say more than simply that it is a lie. Therefore, we hope that the Centro will provide us with more works like the present one in order that finally truth may prevail.

#### REPRINTS.

A Catholic "Penguin" at last, Penguin at least in shape and format though the series in question takes its title from the prancing unicorn on its green front cover. The books are published by Messrs. Sheed & Ward at the price of a shilling, fit neatly into an overcoat pocket and are just the right companion for a railway journey. Some day we will surely ask ourselves how did we manage to travel in pre-Penguin and, we can now happily add, pre-Unicorn times? The first four numbers, all reprints of course, are a guarantee, more than adequate, of the excellence of the whole series which has been planned. They are: Karl Adam's **The Spirit of Catholicism**, a thorough and inspiring presentation of the Church's case to the modern mind: Daniel Sargent's living and vigorous life of our national martyr, **Thomas More**: a further study of a modern saint, in quieter vein but with similar charm of portraiture, **The Secret of the Curé d'Ars**, by Henri Ghéon: and, finally, at least for the present, Christopher Dawson's **Progress of Religion**, which, in the phrase of a previous MONTH review, "might serve as a textbook of the philosophy of history" and, in the words of one of its most distinguished contributors, "should be bought, not borrowed, and should be learnt almost by heart." The new series could scarcely have a better introduction. We do hope that the volumes will be available at every railway station.

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Among smaller publications which call for notice is a **Manual of the Children of Mary Immaculate**, translated and adapted from the French by a Vincentian Father (B.O. & W.: 2s. 6d. n.). This neat volume contains full information concerning the Association whose manual it is, adds some valuable reflections upon our Lady and, together with approved devotions and prayers, includes a method of hearing Mass in a Marian spirit and the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception. A small brochure from La Bonne Presse entitled **Les Missionnaires du Travail** explains the intention of this crusade of priests, specially chosen as apostles of the working man: their purpose is not only to bring home to the workers the reality of Catholic social teaching but also to fashion among them a Catholic *élite*. The history of the crusade, now centred in Lille, is given shortly and the Papal and other documents which concern it, are briefly treated. Dr. Mary Ryan's **Alfred Noyes on Voltaire** (Browne & Nolan: 6d.) is a reprint from the excellent Irish Quarterly, *Studies*, and is highly critical of Mr. Noyes's

position. **Le Paysan Russe sous le Régime des Soviets**, issued by the French F.N.C., studies the misfortunes of the Russian peasant since 1917 and concludes that his one great desire would be to return to the so-called "bad old days."

Messrs. Burns and Oates have sent us their excellent **Catholic Diary, 1939** (1s.), with almost a whole page for each day; the diarist, we fancy, would prefer less edifying quotation and more space for personal entries. We are glad to notice a great improvement, that of making holidays of obligation more clearly seen with a large cross by each, but we wish the actual words had been added underneath the feast. In these days of rush and hurry people need these things put before them so clearly that they cannot on any excuse be missed or mistaken.

The **Catholic Almanack, 1939** (2d.) is also excellent in every respect, holidays of obligation being marked with the unmistakable H.O. No practical Catholic can afford to be without this little book which tells the feasts and fasts of the Church so clearly. It gives some most useful information besides. The instruction on lay-baptism (p. 48) "when a priest cannot be had" is now very clearly expressed.

The Annual called **The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in Mary Land** (London, Claverton St.: 1s.) draws its highly interesting and edifying material from the 307 Houses of the Institute all over the world, and is profusely illustrated by photographs. Those from the Chinese war-zone show in what circumstances of peril and desolation their heroic work is often carried on.

**The Almanach du Pèlerin** (of 1939) (La Bonne Presse: 3.00 fr.) is, as usual, a *pot pourri* of useful information and entertaining stories and sketches, which aim at quantity rather than quality.

Those in search of a specially delightful *Christian* Christmas "card"—and one, moreover, which will be kept and cherished and *not* thrown away as useless after the greeting has been duly appreciated—cannot do better than buy in large quantities the most beautiful little booklet **A Sermon on the Incarnation**, by Father Francis Woodlock, S.J. (B.O. & W.: 6d.), which is charmingly produced and printed. The sermon was broadcast last December to the Empire and all will welcome it now in this permanent form. It is specially appropriate to Christmas but also contains thoughts which will be found most helpful throughout the year. The booklet fits conveniently into an ordinary post card sized envelope, and weighs under one ounce.

From the Catholic Truth Society come: **The Jade Buddha and St. Anthony** (2d.), a pleasing story by Margaret Laycock, and in the smaller format (1d.) **The Order of Baptism**, with the English text of that sacramental rite.

**The Catholic Mind** for November the 8th contains important messages to the Eucharistic Congress at New Orleans. Included in it are greetings from the Holy Father and from President Roosevelt, as well as a longer address from Archbishop Cicognani.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

### AMERICA PRESS.

*Mint by Night.* By Alfred Barrett. Pp. 65. Price, \$1.50.

### APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, New York.

*My Changeless Friend.* By Francis LeBuffe, S.J. Pp. 30. Price, 30 cents.

### BROWNE & NOLAN, Dublin.

*Poison and Balm.* By Stephen Brown, S.J. Pp. xii, 143. Price, 5s.

### BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London.

*The Christmas Crib.* Illustrated. By Nesta de Robeck. Pp. 153. Price, 8s. 6d.

*Saints and Adventures.* By Vera Barclay. Pp. vi, 101. Price, 2s. 6d.

*St. Paul.* By Wilkinson Sherren. Pp. 65. Price, 1s.

*Little St. Agnes.* By Helen Walker Homan. Pp. vi, 53. Price, 1s.

*Sermons in the Sahara.* By Charles de Foucauld. Translated by Donald Attwater. Pp. viii, 79. Price, 2s. 6d.

*The Companion of Youth.* By St. John Bosco. Pp. viii, 292. Price, 1s. 6d.

*The Poor and Ourselves.* By Daniel-Rops. Translated by Barbara Wall. Pp. 84. Price, 2s. 6d.

*Catholic Almanack, 1939.* Pp. 64. Price, 2d.

*Catholic Diary, 1939.* Price, 1s.

*Politics and Morality.* By Don Luigi Sturzo. Pp. vii, 235. Price, 7s. 6d.

*Sister Marie de St. Pierre.* By Sister Emmanuel, O.S.B. Pp. x, 186. Price, 5s.

*Faith and Commonsense.* By Canon J. P. Arendzen. Pp. xi, 266. Price, 6s.

*A Layman's Christian Year.* By Ernest Oldmeadow. Pp. xiv, 290. Price, 7s. 6d.

*The Incarnation.* By Francis Woodlock, S.J. Pp. 15. Price, 6d.

*The Rosary.* By G. Bernoville. Translated by Mary Russell. Pp. 72. Price, 2s. 6d.

*Old Catholic Lancashire.* Vol. II. By Dom F. O. Blundell, O.S.B. Pp. xii, 248. Price, 6s.

### DESLÉE DE BROUWER, Bruges.

*L'Instinct.* By Ed. Janssens. Pp. x, 194. Price, 15.00 fr.

### FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York.

*Jurisprudence.* Third edition. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., and James V. Hayes. Pp. xxiii, 286. Price, \$3.00.

### GILL & SON, LTD., Dublin.

*A Simple Course of Religion.* Illustrated. By Archbishop Sheehan. Pp. 146. Price, 1s. n.

### HEATH CRANTON, London.

*The Caravan Pilgrim.* Illustrated. By Peter Anson. Pp. xiii, 224. Price, 6s. n.

### LONGMANS, London.

*The Jacobean Age.* By David Mathew. Pp. 354. Price, 15s. n.

*They Go to Mass.* By Frances W. Delehanty. Pp. 60. Price, 5s.

*In Divers Manners.* By R. H. J. Steuart, S.J. Pp. viii, 158. Price, 5s.

*The Question and the Answer.* By Hilaire Belloc. Pp. x, 118. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

*Personalist Manifesto.* By Emmanuel Mounier. Pp. xxii, 298. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

*Saint Catherine of Siena.* By Johannes Jorgensen. Pp. ix, 446. Price, 12s. 6d. n.

*Liturgy and Life.* By Theodore Wesseling, O.S.B. Pp. ix, 124. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

### OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

*Saint Augustine and French Classical Thought.* By Nigel Abercrombie. Pp. 124. Price, 8s. 6d.

### RABER & CIE, Lucerne.

*Der Schöpfungsplan.* By Dr. Bernard Steiner. Pp. xvi, 234. Price, 9.50 fr.

### SANDS & CO., LTD., London.

*Approach to Shakespeare.* By D. A. Traversi. Pp. 152. Price, 6s. n.

### SENTINEL PRESS, New York.

*The Real Presence.* By Blessed Peter Eymard. Pp. 323. Price, \$1.10.

### SHEED & WARD, London.

*A Companion to the Summa. II.* By Walter Farrell, O.P. Pp. viii, 459. Price, 10s. 6d. n.

*I believe in Education.* By Edward A. Fitzpatrick. Pp. x, 218. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

*Affirmations.* By various authors. Pp. 171. Price, 6s. n.

*Why the Cross?* By Edward Leen, C.S.Sp. Pp. vi, 366. Price, 7s. 6d.

*Thomas More.* By Daniel Sargent. Pp. 274. Price, 1s.

*Progress and Religion.* By Christopher Dawson. Pp. xx, 276. Price, 1s.

*A Life of Our Lord.* By Vincent McNabb, O.P. Pp. ix, 198. Price, 6s. n.

*The Spirit of Catholicism.* By Karl Adam. Pp. x, 270. Price, 1s.

*The Secret of the Curé d'Ars.* By Henri Ghéon. Pp. viii, 246. Price, 1s.

*The Great Heresies.* By Hilaire Belloc. Pp. vii, 277. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

*At your Ease in the Church.* By Mary Perkins. Pp. 203. Price, 5s. n.

*The Coloured Lands.* Illustrated. By G. K. Chesterton. Pp. xii, 238. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

*The Unity of Philosophical Experience.* By Etienne Gilson. Pp. xii, 340. Price, 10s. 6d. n.

